

THE WAR CRY.

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND

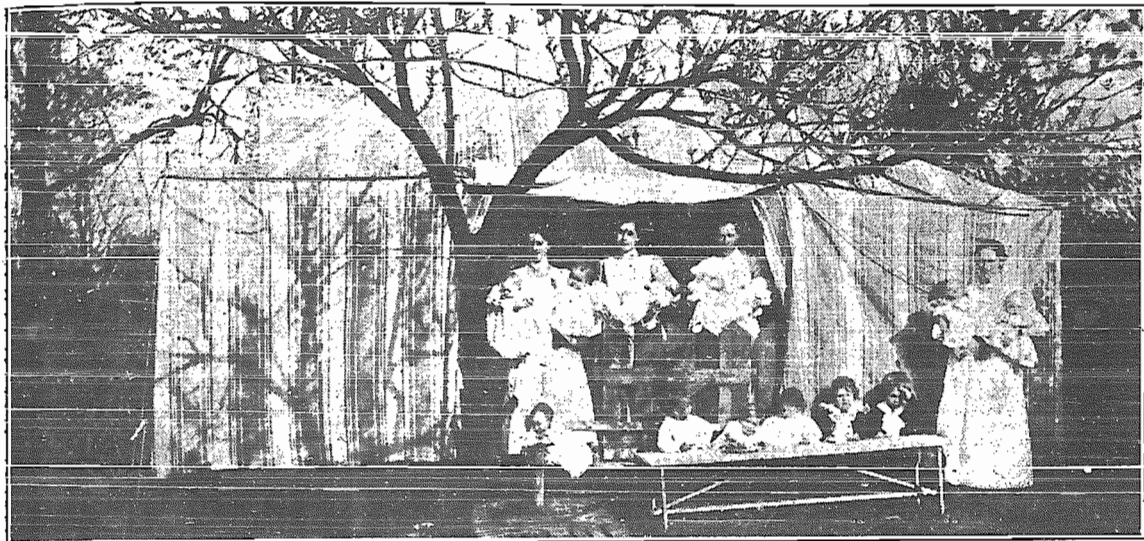
24th Year. No. 36

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, JUNE 13, 1903.

THOMAS B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

Price, 2 Cents.



The Children's Tent—A Charming Resort for the Tots.



The Hamilton Rescue Home and Maternity Hospital.

CUTLERS FROM

OLD BETHNAL GREEN.

An Interesting Reminiscence.

Bethnal Green, where The Army has just opened a splendid new Hall and Institute, is full of historic interest to Salvationists.

Soldiers who are living to-day have vivid recollections of the time when it was necessary for them to go to the meetings singly, often secretly, for fear of being detected by the crowds of infuriated ruffians, who regarded it as their solemn commission to stamp out the new Movement.

More than once, the little band of Bethnal Green warriors were compelled to seek the shelter of the Hall—at that time the old Railway Arch—for the greater part of the night in order to evade the roughs, who were waiting outside, ready to hurl bricks at them.

Among our first Halls were a stable, a carpenter's shop, a shed—which only had a wooden partition between it and a pigsty—and a skittle-alley.

One of the most interesting, however, was a little room, behind a pigeon-shop in Slater Street, which is in existence to-day, though slightly altered in appearance.

The historian of those early days—Commissioner Railton—describes the place and its surroundings in a little pamphlet published many years ago. Some extracts are well worthy of production on the present occasion.

"It was," he says, "scarcely perhaps behind the pigeon-shop, for the entrance to the shop was the same as that which led to the little room behind, so that those who went into the one, might very easily be supposed to be going into the other, and yet the two places were very different.

The pigeon-shop, filled with pet birds and animals of all descriptions, and always as full of the peculiar stench which such places produce, was as dirty and disagreeable a spot as one could well imagine, although the people who kept it were so much in their element that they lived, ate, drank, smoked and slept in the self-same apartment wherein they carried on their business, Sundays and weekdays alike.

"And this was not in some far-off island, or even in a dark, unseen nook of some ancient borough. It was—one almost fears to mention the name, lest all the halo of surprise should at once depart—it was in Slater Street, just one minute's walk from Shoreditch, London!"

ANCIENT INSTRUMENTS.

Old-Fashioned Pan-Pipes.

A set of ancient pan-pipes was brought to light not long since at Aisles-Sainte-Relne, in France, supposed to be the site of the ancient Alesia. The instrument was found at the bottom of a well, and above it was a bronze object of the period of



CONTEMPT PORARIES

only got to their destination after six months' rough journeying by ox-wagon, whereas Salisbury is now reached from Cape Town in five days by train. The difference between the comfort and convenience of the old and new styles of travelling is also as marked as that between the two rates of speed.—South African War Cry.

PAYING THE PRICE.

By Mrs. Bramwell Booth.

My own experience has shown me it is sometimes a thousand times more difficult to pay the price for one's children than for oneself. During the years I have worn The Salvation Army uniform, and rejoiced to bear the little cross it brings, I never seemed to realise what it meant until a poor ignorant butcher-boy struck me, knocked down one of our little girls in the street, shouting in derision as he did so, "Salvation Army!" But is not the price worth paying? Would the Christian mother, with her infant in her arms, waiting certain cruel death in the Roman arena, have bought its safety by handing it to the pagan lady, even though assured of a life of ease and worldly gain? No; a thousand times no!—because she felt that, for her boy as for herself, the way to the lions was the way to God. The choice of our children must be price none the less definite, though the price to pay may seem less so. We have not now to choose between the lion's mouth or the stake and the denial of Christ by burning incense to an idol, but is not the danger all the more subtle just because the possibility does exist of denying Christ with the heart while outwardly professing still to follow Him?—All the World.

TWO COMPASSES.

Steer by the Upper Compass.

"When crossing the Atlantic Ocean," said an old traveller once, "I noticed that our steamer was furnished with two compasses. One was fixed to the deck, where the man at the wheel could see it; the other compass was fastened half-way up one of the masts, and often a sailor could be seen climbing up to inspect it.

"I asked the captain, 'Why do you have two compasses?'"

"This is an iron vessel," he replied, "and the compass on the deck is often affected by its surroundings.

"But such is not the case with the compass at the mast; that one is above the influence. We always steer by the compass above."

In the voyage of life we have two compasses. Let us steer by the upper compass and all will be well.—British Young Soldier.

You do not believe He will; and second, I believe He has; there is no need whatever for you to pray about it, Captain, I have known my Lord for fifty-seven years, and there has never been a single day that I have failed to gain an audience with the King. Get up, Captain, and open the door, and you will find the fog gone."

On Saturday afternoon, I might add, George Mueller was there on time.

A hundred and twenty disciples prayed for ten days, and suddenly a rushing mighty wind from Heaven descended, clothing each man and woman with a tongue of fire.

That is the kind of prayer wanted at the commencement of our Summer work throughout this land.

Pray for it, fellow League members! Pray, nothing doubting! Pray persistently. Pray continuously. Pray believing, and God will be glorified, and sinners saved.—N. S.

Alexander Severus, which gives an idea of the date. The treasure-trove is a thin wood tablet about four and a half inches long, with one face smooth, and the other bearing geometric designs. A hole in the bottom allowed a cord to be attached. In the upper edge were bored seven holes in the thickness of the wood, and these holes had unequal depths. An eighth hole is seen in a broken part one side. Inspection of this latter, makes it clear that the holes were made with a red-hot iron rod pointed at the end. The holes are cylindrical, but they end almost in a point at the bottom. As will be seen, this specimen differs from the ordinary pan pipes (syria) such as we see cut on stone or otherwise shown or described on texts. Previous discoveries gave us ancient flutes, trumpets, pieces of lyres, and now we have the pan pipes to add to the series.—Bandsman and Songster.

AN EVANGELISTIC ADDRESS.

Army Trophv and the Police.

Six months ago, at a certain East London Corps, a well-known character got converted during a midnight raid on the local public-houses.

"Since the night of his salvation, this comrad has gone steadily forward, and the excitement caused among his old companions by the evident change in his life, has brought large numbers of them to The Army Hall, and not a few have followed his example, and knelt at the penitent form.

The progress of the convert has also been closely followed by members of the police force, as the man in question gave them no little trouble in the days of his drunkenness.

The other Sunday the Hall was crowded out by some of the roughest characters in the district, while no less than five constables were present in plain clothes, all brought together by the announcement which had been made by the leader of the "Converts' Brigade, that Brother—would give an "Evangelistic Address" in The Army Hall. The idea of an old chum preaching anywhere, tickled the fancy of the community, and aroused the curiosity of the police, with excellent results.

Another convert at a Corps in the same neighbourhood was a rough and ready, indeed. Salvation, however, made a tremendous difference in him, and, when a week later, the Treasurer of the Corps met him, he said he had had the happiest week of his life.

It was only after very close questioning, that the Treasurer discovered that the week-old convert had been walking the streets every night because of his penniless condition.

Moreover, it took him nearly an

hour to persuade the man to come home with him, have some substantial food, and take a shilling or two to help him through the following week.—London Social Gazette.

A THORN IN THE FLESH.

A Human Experience.

Four years ago, in a Southern city, a brilliant young minister came to one of our holiness meetings, and, becoming deeply interested, asked me to call and see him, as he wanted much to talk with me. When I saw him he opened his heart, and told me what an awful struggle he was having with fleshly temptations, so much so, that he would walk the streets almost in agony. He had been reconciled to God by the death of Jesus, but he had not yet learned that he could be saved to the uttermost by His life. But after having the way of holiness explained to him, with all the simplicity of a little child, he yielded himself to Jesus, and received Him by faith into his heart, and he found himself filled with resurrection power, and saved to the uttermost.

Some weeks later he wrote me, "I have burned the last bridge behind me, and am all under the blood. Oh, what weeks these have been since I saw you, such as I never believed could be realised this side of heaven." Then he continued to write how his wife got the blessing, and a revival broke out in his church, and how all the leading members got sanctified, while many sinners and backsliders were saved. The fire continued to burn in his heart, the life of Jesus still saved him, and a year later he wrote me that he had had a second revival in his church, with scores of people flocking to the Lord for salvation, while his own soul was dwelling in Beulah Land, Hallelujah—Australian Cry.

SIX MONTHS v. FIVE DAYS.

Travelling in South Africa.

The first part of the proceedings was occupied with farewells to Major and Mrs. Clark, prior to their departure to Rhodesia. They gave expression to their hopes for the future of that part of the country, and stated determination to do their best with the work which was to be committed to their charge.

It affords an interesting comparison to note that when the pioneer party of Salvation Army Officers went up to commence work on the Pearson Settlement, seventeen years ago, they

I looked at the man in surprise. I had never heard of such a thing before.

"Mr. Mueller," I said, "do you know how dense this fog is?"

"No," he replied, "my eye is not on the density of the fog, but on the living God, who controls every circumstance of my life."

He got down on his knees, and prayed one of the most simple prayers.

I muttered, "That would suit a children's class, where the children were not more than eight or nine years of age."

The burden of his prayer was something like this:—

"O, Lord, if it is consistent with Thy will, please, remove this fog in five minutes. You know the settlement You made for me in Quebec for Saturday. I believe it is Thy Will." When he had finished, I was going to pray, but he put his hand on my shoulder, and told me not to. "First,

The Praying League

Prayer Topic: Pray for the outpouring of God's Spirit upon the special efforts put forth to win souls during the Summer Months.

Sunday, June 14th.—Believing Is Work. John vi. 22-40.

Monday, June 15th.—The Living Bread. John vi. 41-61.

Tuesday, June 16th.—Lip Service Only. John vi. 66-71; Mark vi. 1-6; Matt. xv. 2-9.

Wednesday, June 17th.—Not To Be Driven Away. Matt. xv. 10-27; Mark vii. 21-30.

Thursday, June 18th.—A Second Time Fed. Matt. xv. 29; Mark vii. 32-37; Mark vii. 1-7; Matt. xv. 37-39.

Friday, June 19th.—Beware of Error. Matt. xvi. 1-23; Mark xii. 12-18; Matt. xvi. 11-12; Mark xvi. 22-27.

Saturday, June 20th.—Unanswerable Questions. Luke ix. 18-19; Matt. xvi. 15-27; Mark xvi. 36-38.

Head-Men of The Salvation Army

AS SEEN AND DESCRIBED BY A WELL-KNOWN LONDON PUBLICIST.

THE most impressive moment in the life of an ordinary army of the earth is that immediately before the battle, when, with their leaders at their head, the soldiers march in serried ranks upon the enemy. Even in a sham battle at manoeuvres that is the most thrilling scene, from the spectator's point of view.

It is the same with The Salvation Army. When the rank and file, crowding the largest Hall that can be obtained in London, are in their places, singing snatches of song, shouting "Hallelujah," and waving flags and banners, and when in front of massed bands and row upon row of Officers, the general staff is seated in a long line on either side of The General or his son, the Chief of the Staff, you have before your eyes a sight which it is well worth seeing, even if you are not unaccustomed to military pomp and pageant.

The uniforms, it is true, are very simple. There are no gold embellishments, no gilt or jewelled sword hilts and tassels, no glittering orders of any kind. But such as it is, the dark blue uniform, with its touches of scarlet, is becoming, and gives, indeed, a look of distinction which is not always obtained by more elaborate dress. So that, when you look along the front rank on the platform, you are at once reminded of the mounted army general staff which you have seen round their sovereign or field marshal at great manoeuvres or reviews.

Men of Capacity.

If, however, you look at these head-men of The Salvation Army individually, you will easily perceive that it is not their tall stature and their military dress which leads to them the ascription of importance, but that there is in every face that which singles a man out from the crowd, and gives him an interesting personality. Every man in that front row has a look of more than average intelligence stamped upon his face, and with it is coupled the look of spirituality which the old Masters of Italy painted with such genius upon the faces of their apostles, saints and prophets. When they rise and address the meeting you are very soon convinced that their appearance does not belie their talents. They are trained speakers, every one, and each in his own way, handles his subject with the ease of perfect understanding, and with the grace of whole-hearted sympathy.

And when you come into personal contact with these tried and trusted head-men, you make yet another discovery concerning them. Yes, they are what is called clever; they are as; practical and level-headed as any man of the world, and they turn all their talents to best account in the service of The Salvation Army. This you expected; if it were not so, why should they hold responsible places in this marvellously well-organised body? But over and above the capacities fitting them each for his particular place, you find that they have two additional qualities to be met with far less frequently than the mere intelligence of which the world is very full to-day. They are without self-consciousness in a self-conscious age, and theirs is that perfect openness and simplicity behind which the stolid and the very superior sections of the community always suspect Jesuitical plots and deep-laid schemes.

Beautiful Straightforwardness.

It is candour and altruism are so often used as masks for unworthy ends that they are apt to arouse distrust when met in important and not unambitious organisations, especially if they are attributes of men occupied with difficult and complicated plans, as is the case in The Salvation Army. As a rule, however, the pretence of such virtues cannot be kept up for any length of time, while in an intercourse of over twenty years with Salvation Army leaders, Officers and Soldiers, I have never yet found reason to change my opinion of them on these points. On the contrary, increased opportunities of inquiring into any and every part of The Army organisation have but heightened my respect and increased my belief in the splendid forgetfulness of self and the beautiful straightforwardness and simplicity of everyone. The head-men set a fine example, and it is finely, loyally followed by the rank and file.

Wherever a part of The Army scheme was not clear to me, when seeking information, the explanation was given quietly, readily, unhesitatingly, and I was at liberty to put everything I had been told to a practical test wherever this was possible, both inside and outside The Army. Nor has all my independent testing revealed a flaw in any statement made, or explanation given.

Not that there is any ostentatious display of humble self-abnegation and guileless candour. You cannot often, when analysing a conversation or communication, point to this remark or that, as constituting an example of these virtues. The Officers with whom you come in contact, meet you on the footing of intelligent men and women, who may not be of the world, but who are well aware that they are in a world where, if you would attain success of any sort, you must be practical and to the point, and you must not, on any account, be a bore. They are cheerfully

alert, and the gift of humour is theirs, and their conversation is by no means confined to Army matters, nor is it interpermeated with Bible texts, or with the set phrases, without the frequent use of which, certain religious sects find it impossible to hold intercourse with their fellow-creatures.

In fact, The Salvation Army Officers have the tact and the wisdom to recognise that the world is full of interest, and that he makes the best use of the great gift of life, who opens his mind and heart to all that is good and true and beautiful, in whatever direction it may be found. This does not make them in any degree less earnest and enthusiastic in their religion, which remains from first to last, the greatest and foremost interest. It is with them always, and whenever the opportunity offers, they testify to it exultingly, enthusiastically. But they can also keep it in their hearts, and turn to the affairs of the world with interest and enjoyment.

Risen from the Ranks.

The fact that they are, and always have been, very human, helps to surround the members of The Salvation Army with a halo of romance, and especially among the chief Officers there is hardly one who has not contributed appreciably to the massed romance of the entire organisation. Even as they sit on the platform, these men formerly belonging to many different strata of social life constitute a romantic assembly.

As far as The Army is concerned, they have all risen from the ranks, for whoever enters The Salvation Army, no matter what his former social position happens to have been, begins at the beginning, and is promoted according to his deserts. But in the years before they enlisted as Soldiers of the Cross of Christ, these men's experiences of life varied enormously. There sits the man who was a cobbler's boy, and whose concern, before he became a modern Crusader, had been only with his trade; close to him you see the accomplished educationalist, who was once a schoolmaster abroad, and is now one of the wonderful groups of pro-consuls scattered about every country "conquered" by The Army; there is the former engine-driver, the Whitley jet-worker, the clerk from the Irish linen-factory, the West End curate, the drunken pitman, the clever lawyer, the journeyman baker, the Welsh pitman, the man who was nothing but a loafer and a ruffian. They all have stood the hard test to which every Officer has to submit before he can rise in The Army. It is the test which General and Mrs. Booth practised all their lives, namely, that of entire devotion to an unceasing energy and endeavour in the great cause of saving souls for Christ and bodies for humanity.

Mrs. General Booth.

They all form part of the brain of The Army, these men who have come to the front, and who wear their responsibility with so curious a mingling of ease and dignity. As you see them join in the spirited outward rejoicings, the clapping of hands, the gesticulating and shouting, and all the rest of the efforts that have been so marvellously effective with the multitudes whom The Salvation Army is mainly bent on influencing, and that have received such an overflowing measure of denunciation from the dignified and stolidly conventional persons who have never stirred a finger to help a poor degraded fellow-creature, you are reminded of the account which Mrs. Booth has given of her own first attempt at public speaking.

She was naturally shy and retiring, and shrank with nothing short of terror from the idea of addressing an audience. Urged by her own conscience, and entreated by her husband to tell others of that which filled her own heart and mind, she wrestled with herself concerning her untried powers of speech, until "the devil" said "you will look like a fool and will have nothing to say." Then, seeing that here was the great temptation, she answered the tempter, "I have never been willing to be a fool for Christ. Now I will be one." And she rose from her seat in the chapel, and forthwith made the first of the great speeches that rank among the best speeches of all time, and will never be forgotten by those who were privileged to listen to Mrs. Booth's eloquence of the heart.

Fools for Christ's Sake.

The Officers are all ready to "become fools for Christ," and yet somehow there seems no folly, no lack of dignity in any of their platform demonstrations. It is strange to see how all the gaiety and hilarity that make the meetings so unlike any others, and so popular with the poor folk into whose lives laughter and light-heartedness only entered when they came hand in hand with vice and vulgarities—how all the superficial levity vanishes when The Army draws close to the throne of God. When Cadets are sworn in, a deep reverence hushes the whole congregation; when repentant sinners kneel at the penitent form there is only tender pity and a sense of the deep solemnity of the moment, and when The Army is at prayer, the atmosphere is charged with the feeling of mortals bowing "before Jehovah's awful throne."—Miss Hulda Friedrichs.

THE BRACEBRIDGE ANNUAL.

Lieut-Colonel Sharp and Orillia Band
Help to Make it Interesting.

The Victoria Day Excursion of Bracebridge Corps is looked upon now as an annual event. The Officers were fortunate in securing Colonel Sharp and the Orillia Band for the week-end. The specials arrived about 6.30 p.m., Saturday, and marched down the main street, stirring up things considerably. After a good tea at the Barracks, a great crowd gathered to hear the open-air service, and much appreciated the music of the Band. Seven dollars was cheerfully and quickly given. A special Musicales was afterwards held in the Hall.

Five open-air meetings were held on Sunday in different parts of the town. There was a beautiful spirit in all the services, and two souls came to God for cleansing.

The Colonel's addresses were full of earnestness and interest. The playing of the Band and especially Bandmaster Gross' cornet solos, etc., was very favourably received, also the singing and personal testimonies of the Bandsmen.

Before 8 o'clock Monday morning, the steambot "Muskoka" was well loaded with a happy crowd, and we were soon on our way towards the noted lakes of the same name. It proved a beautiful trip, and the weather was all that could be desired. Port Sandfield was reached before noon, and the following four hours were spent in picnicing. Boating, bathing, fishing, etc., were indulged in, then a short Praise service was led by Colonel Sharp. The excursion was enlivened by plenty of singing and music, etc. We arrived safely at Bracebridge before 8 p.m.

All hands did their utmost to make the meetings and excursion a success. The arrangements made by Captain and Mrs. Sharp were very satisfactory. The grand total income was \$275.00.

The townspeople greatly appreciated the visit of Colonel Sharp, and the Band, and will give them a good welcome when they come again.

Captain Thompson and Lieutenant Armstrong, of Burk's Falls, also Lieutenant Myles, took in the excursion—F. Knight, Adjutant.

Waste Not, Want Not.

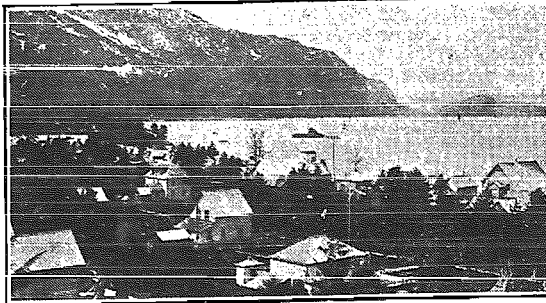
It is related of Carlyle, that as he one day approached a street crossing he suddenly stopped, and, stooping down, picked something out of the mud at the risk of being run over by one of the many carriages in the street. With his bare hands he brushed the mud off, and placed the substance on a clean spot on the kerbstone. "That," said he, in a tone as sweet and in words as beautiful as the person who tells the incident ever heard, "is only a crust of bread. Yet I was taught by my mother never to waste, and above all, bread, more precious than gold, the substance that is the same to the body that the mind is to the soul. I am sure that the little sparrows or a hungry dog will get nourishment from a bit of bread."

Y Ere God gives a revival, your motives must be pure.

Many suppose they are Christians from the emotions they feel in view of the truth, when in fact, what they receive is truth presented to their minds in such a way that they do not see its bearing on themselves.

Major and Mrs. Morris Up the Skeena River.

Exciting Experiences of Travel, and Wonderful Examples of What God Has Accomplished Through The Salvation Army.



Port Essington.

AFTER a two weeks' absence, Mrs. Morris and myself have returned from Glen Vowell to Port Essington. To give an account of all our experiences during that time, would, we fear, occupy more space than the War Cry could afford. However, we will briefly state that the journey, a distance of 160 miles up the Skeena River, occupied exactly nine and one half days, each day filled with hair-raising experiences to the nervous, and to the others who could look dangers many in the face and not flinch, as much excitement as they desired.

Two ships out of three were wrecked last year, and no less than three hulks of vessels were observed en-route. We will not speak of the gravel-bars, canons, snags, etc., which all add in-

delight knew no bounds. The whistle blew, and a few moments later we had left the village of Andimaul about a mile and a half, when we happily struck a rocky shoal—quite a usual occurrence I may state. I say happily, because dusk coming on, the boat could only proceed a little further up stream by the aid of a steel cable, therefore, Mrs. Morris, Captain Rankin and myself leaped to the shore, then up the steep bank, and on through the woods to Andimaul, which we duly and safely reached. A few beats on the big drum soon filled the Hall, and the meeting, for its enthusiastic and soul-stirring songs, beggars description. We returned to the boat at midnight, and parted with Captain Rankin and some of his people. 4 a.m. found the Major briskly returning to Andimaul to see the Captain once more, returning to the S.S. "Port Simpson" a few moments before she started up stream.

The same day at 8 p.m., we steamed into Hazelton. We had no difficulty in discovering Adjutant Thoroldson amongst a crowd of eager spectators. The first boat was indeed welcome, for provisions had run out. That night the Rev. Mr. Price kindly opened his home for us. Early next morning a canoe manned by Glen Vowell native Soldiers took us up stream, and two hours later we reached Glen Vowell, considered by many to be the prettiest and most up-to-date native settlement on the Skeena River. Flags in honour of our visit were flying in front of each dwelling. Mrs. Adjutant Thoroldson ran to greet us. We were certainly a happy crowd.

Glen Vowell, we may say, is charmingly situated on level and fertile Skeena soil, stretching back from the river and along its bank a great distance. It is questionable whether a more delightful and useful location could be secured. Adjutant and Mrs. Thoroldson have worked, undoubtedly, in the years that have passed, with determination and devotion that is seldom equalled. The ability with which the Indian village is laid out, the cleanliness of the homes of the natives, the graded thoroughfares, the up-to-date day-school, all give abundant evidence of their skill, and the enormous amount of thought, and work they have put into the undertaking. Here is truly a magnificent opportunity for any of our friends to help a highly praiseworthy and useful

work amongst the natives.

These five meetings at Glen Vowell! How can we describe them? The Hall was spotlessly clean to begin with. The platform was filled with uniformed Soldiers. All the audience were Soldiers, save one or two. Withal, we had an organ well played by a native, and good singers, who sang stirring songs. We could not help being inspired and blessed. Among the special features during our visit was a spontaneous offering of \$22.30 on the Sunday afternoon, given to the Major, and by him devoted to Self-Denial; dedication of Grace Eileen Angus, and a funeral service over the remains of a Soldier who had been promoted to Glory while we were there.

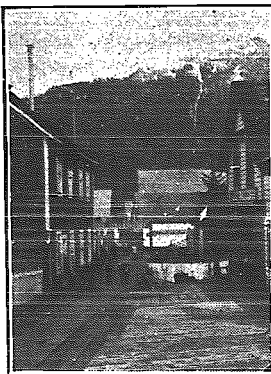
On the fourth day after our arrival, we journeyed to Hazelton to catch the boat. You talk about "Shooting the Chute," it is surely surpassed by rushing with the Skeena current—suffice it to say a journey against the stream occupying nine and a half days, was accomplished in one and a half days, and this allowed for considerable delay at ports of call.

We were glad to see our dear comrades at Essington again—Adjutant and Mrs. Blackburn, and now are trying to reach Wrangell, via Prince Rupert, if only a steamer will pass this way.

How God Strengthens.

Sir Walter Scott relates that when he was a child, one of his legs was paralysed, and when medical skill failed, a kind uncle induced him to exert the muscles of the powerless limb by drawing a gold watch before him on the floor, tempting him to creep after it, and thus keeping up and gradually increasing vital action and muscular force. So God deals with us in our spiritual childhood and weakness of faith. He holds the blessings before us, so as to tempt us to creep after them. How weak our efforts, how slow our movements! But spiritual vitality is produced and strengthened by those movements, slow, and weak as they are.

Many people are seeking sanctification by their own resolutions and works, their fastings and prayers, their endeavours and activities, instead of taking hold of Christ, by faith, for sanctification as they do for justification.

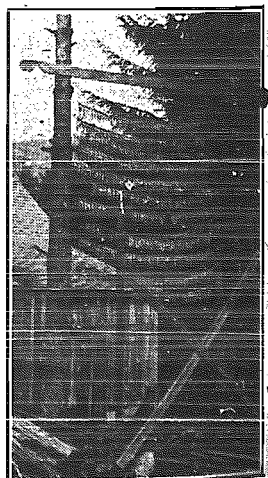


A Street in Port Essington.

terest and danger to this famous Skeena River, except to say that the passengers became well acquainted with them all in the perilous journey upstream, occupying, in this case, nine and a half days, as previously stated.

Indian villages were called at and passed every few hours, until Andimaul, within twenty miles of Hazelton, was reached. When we approached the village, the sun was receding behind the distant white-capped mountains. The native Soldiers standing on the bank above us, made a picturesque group indeed—some of them were in uniform.

Fortunately we were delayed, taking on cordwood, and, therefore, had a chance to address our people. Their



Drying Fish at Port Essington.

The World and Its Ways.



The Unrest On the North-West Frontier.—The Capture of a Mohand Raider.

The Zakhra Khel people, crushed by the recent expedition, have ceased raiding in British territory for the time being, but have handed on their restless spirit to near neighbours, the Mohmands, who lately have committed several raids in British territory. Gangs of these raiders swoop down suddenly at night on villages known to contain wealthy Hindu bannahs, and closing all exits from the village, they loot and burn a few houses, then, scattering in groups of twos and threes, disappear as rapidly as they come. The raider shown here, was captured thirty miles from Peshawar.

King Edward and the Czar.

The King of England is going to visit Russia, and much popular interest has been aroused over the event by the Russian Press. They all heartily approve of the visit, and urge that the King make a more extended sojourn than was at first contemplated. The original plan restricted the coming of the British sovereign to Reval, because of the fear of Revolutionary demonstrations, and on account of the embarrassment that would attend the necessary police arrangements.

It is now thought possible that the King will visit Emperor Nicholas at Peterhoff. We hope that the visit will serve to bring about a better understanding of each other by the English and Russian peoples.

International Hospitality.

A deputation recently waited upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lloyd-George, to ask for financial support for the Peace Congress which will assemble in London in July. The Chancellor announced that at his suggestion, and in view of the importance of promoting international friendliness, the Government has sanctioned the setting apart of a sum from the Exchequer each year, the amount being as yet not decided, to organise the country's international hospitality on a more regular basis. He further intimated that this new fund might cover objects such as the deputation advocated.

The Chancellor's novel proposal is warmly supported by the London papers.

The Turret-Makers' Victory.

An experiment was recently tried in America, which demonstrated the ability of modern ship armour to withstand the terrific impact of the projectiles which are hurled from big guns. One of the heaviest projectiles was fired at close range from the biggest naval gun by the highest explosive known. The target was the turret plate of the United States' monitor "Florida." The result is declared to be a victory for turret con-

struction. Five minutes after the terrific impact the finely-balanced mechanism of the turret was being worked with perfect ease, and the 12-inch gun on the left side was trained at will. Inside the turret the havoc was much less apparent than from the outside.

Thus the world goes on devising fresh schemes for the destruction of men, and flatters itself that it is all the while making progress. The "victory" they boast about is a poor one.

A Collision at Sea.

A shipping disaster occurred off Yarmouth, N. S., on May 26th, resulting in the loss of eighteen lives. As the steamer "Boston" was creeping along at half-speed, the lights of the "Fame," a fishing schooner, suddenly loomed up ahead, about two hundred feet from the liner's bows. When the shout of "schooner dead ahead," rang out from the forecabin head, Captain McKenzie sprang to the engine room and signalled for full speed astern—but it was too late.

Before the engine had commenced to reverse, the "Boston" ploughed into the following schooner just abaft the main rigging and cut her in two. Life boats were swung out from the steamer, but the wreck of the schooner had gone down within two minutes, and although the "Boston" cruised around the scene for over an hour, only two men were rescued.

Greeks Revolt.

It is reported from Constantinople, that the inhabitants of the Island of Samos, a Greek island off the West coast of Asia Minor, are in revolt against the Prince of Samos and the Governor of the Island. Much fighting has occurred and many casualties are reported. Trouble appears to have arisen in a conflict between the Governor and the Senate. The Prince of Samos was seized by the malcontents and beaten. He made his escape to the palace, which since has been beleaguered. Reinforcements of troops sent from Smyrna were driven back by a fusillade from the shore.

Since 1832, the Island of Samos has been a self-governing principality, paying tribute to Turkey. Its population is mostly Greek, and ten years ago they numbered 30,000. It is feared that the Turkish troops start on their way to the island, and the Powers are being urged to despatch warships there as the principality exists under the guarantee of France, Great Britain and Russia.

Exploring Bible Lands.

An American professor has lately been on an expedition into Asia Minor, in company with a professor from the British Museum.

They landed at Beirut, whence they went to Aleppo afterwards, continuing on horseback along the right bank of the Euphrates.

With a physician, Dr. Sheppard, who is a blessing throughout all that region, Professors Norton and Hogarth camped for one month in districts practically unknown. As they even succeeded in correcting the best existing maps, and proceeded to make important excavations, which gave most satisfactory results, they were able to carry back with them some treasures unearthed—especially inscriptions and carvings on basalt—

demonstrating the existence of towns at 2,600 B.C.

No doubt their discoveries will add to our knowledge of ancient lands mentioned in Bible history.

War on Slumdom.

Mr. John Burns has introduced a Bill into the British House of Commons, entitled the "Housing and Town Planning Bill." It has been read a second time without a division.

The Bill wages war on the slum, and in Mr. Burns's own words, its aims are to make "the home healthy, the house beautiful, the city dignified, and the suburb salubrious." The town-planning parts of the Bill for the first time open up a chance of orderly development to growing communities; the reorganised Housing and Public Health Department will institute the best methods to suit special local problems, commanding the use of brains and acting with a vigorous initiative; while the rural side of

the Bill is of enormous importance. Mr. Burns is persuaded that it is not possible to exaggerate the gravity of housing in the rural districts. The difficulty, indeed, of getting decent houses within reasonable distance of work, and on terms which leave a tenant a free man, is a chief cause of rural depopulation, while the unsanitary condition of vast numbers of cottages almost entirely neutralises the physical benefits of living in the country.

This sounds all right, but let us not forget that better houses will not convert people's hearts. We must get them converted and then they will work out their own salvation.

Beautifying Our Cities.

In a magazine entitled "The World's Work," a contributor points out the things that Germany can teach us concerning the beautifying of our cities.

The elimination of ugliness is one of those things. This street advertising is almost entirely confined to pillars at street corners, and offensive advertisements are classed with offensive smells. There are no hoardings to mark the litter of vacant lots, to harbour criminals and refuse, to communicate fire, to cheapen and disfigure a beautiful thoroughfare. The blighting sign is only to be seen in Hamburg.

In Berlin, even the stations of the elevated railway have been designed with an eye to beauty and the character of the streets. The less slightly parts are hidden by rows of trees, and the posts and girders are gracefully designed.

When we add to this that garbage and ashes are removed from German houses in closed bins, and, by an ingenious mechanism, dumped into specially-constructed waggons without exposing their contents to the air, thus doing entirely away with dust and odors, we must admit that we have many good things to learn yet from our Continental friends.

Destruction of Fruit Pests.

An American entomologist has been searching the Far East for the natural enemies of the pests that infest fruit orchards. He has succeeded in bringing to California, a parasite which will destroy the mealy bug, an insect which is very destructive to the orange trees of that country. He discovered the friendly bug in Japan, left in Western Australia, a parasite that was reducing the rav-



While the Goorkhas Men Are Fighting, the Women of Nepal Are Weaving.

The women of Nepal, like the Goorkhas, who are the dominant race, are vigorous and industrious. This picture represents a typical native loom. The people, however, import cheap cotton goods.

ages of the fruit fly to a noticeable degree. This parasite was discovered five years ago in India, but previous attempts to introduce it into Australia failed on account of the opposite seasons. By putting the bugs to sleep in India with ice, he got 100,000 of them to Australia alive. He woke them up in the Australian winter. The parasites, apparently thinking they were still in India, went to work with a will. Three generations of native-born bugs saw the light before he left the antipodes. He also took to Australia, a parasite which swept away like fire, the cabbage aphids.

Car Accidents.

It is astonishing what a number of accidents occur on the street cars of a busy city. During the month of April, there were 4,707 people injured in car accidents, in New York alone, thirty of whom died. This is a shocking record for a system designed to accommodate the public. We have heard of heathen deities demanding yearly human sacrifices to appease their wrath, but here is a monster of civilisation, taking toll of men's lives every day of the year. No doubt, many of the people injured are themselves to blame for their carelessness in disregarding the regulations devised for their safety, but is not the real cause, after all, the frantic hurry which characterises town folk nowadays? The advice to hasten slowly would be good here, and if taken, would save time, temper, and many lives.

A Topsy-Turvy Country.

It is reported that anarchy prevails throughout Persia. The Shah appears to be helpless to cope with the situation. The "Rusawad," a Persian newspaper, recently published an article demanding the dethronement of the Shah, and the establishment of a republic. It drew attention also, to the disturbed state of the country, and pictured the melancholy scene as follows:

"The governors are tyrannical, the administration is corrupt and inefficient. The taxes are in arrears, the exchequer is empty, the soldiers' wages are unpaid, and the army is helpless."

There is every reason to believe that it is all true, and that revolution and brigandage are everywhere rife. This is the usual way of the world when left to itself. Everything goes wrong.

LIEUT.-COLONEL AND MRS. GASKIN AT STRATFORD.

Excellent Services in City Hall—Rev. G. F. Salton Presides at Lecture.

It was with great expectation that the Stratford Soldiers and friends, with the Officers (not forgetting the ever-improving Band) greeted Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin on their arrival, to conduct special services in the City Hall. The kindly countenance of the P. O., Lieut.-Col. Sharp, beamed upon one and all, and lent a charm to a series of meetings which were said to be the best held here for a long time.

On Saturday night, Mrs. Gaskin, gave us many touching incidents in her talk on the League of Mercy, which will not soon be forgotten.

The Sunday services started with two open-air on Sunday morning, after which we gathered at the Hall for holiness meeting. The soul-stirring talks given, resulted in a number seeking the blessing of a clean heart.

In the afternoon the Field Secretary gave "Incidents From My Diary." These incidents, interesting and humorous, held the people, and while at times, we were in convulsions of laughter, the thrilling incidents of early warfare gave us many lessons.

At the night's meeting a number of backsliders, especially, were thoroughly aroused, and in the prayer meeting which followed, led by Lieut.-Colonel Sharp a young man made his way to the front, and another claimed forgiveness, while kneeling at the back of the Hall. One dear woman cried out, "Oh, I have not got a friend, and life to me is not worth living." With a breaking heart she turned away. We hope very soon she will be reconciled to the great Friend of every sinner. We rejoiced over the surrenders, and closed our service praying for the blessing of God upon Soldiers, saints, and sinners of the Classic City of Stratford.

On Monday night the Colonel gave his popular lecture, and held his audience for over an hour and a half. Before this was given, Rev. G. F. Salton, who occupied the chair, spoke of his warm admiration of The Salvation Army. He referred particularly to the tackle used to catch fish, and said, "What does it matter what kind of tackle we use, if we can only get the fish. I admire The Army because they catch fish, and further, because they do not feel their work is over when Sunday is over."

The Colonel then went on to describe the queer fish he had known; and it is needless to say we were entertained and instructed. The Band, which was highly commended by the chairman, gave one or two pleasing selections, and in closing, Bandsman Wilder sang a suitable solo. All went away well pleased with the delightful evening spent.—A. D. Mier, S. A.

Captain McPetrick, of Toronto, was enabled to extend an act of courtesy to a gentleman recently, and as they walked along the street, he enquired the Captain's name. When told, he enquired if the Captain was the same who conducted a meeting in England many years ago. "The very same," replied the Captain. "Then, I want to tell you," said the man, "that one night I went to that meeting and got saved. One of my daughters is now an Army Officer, and another is preparing to enter the Training Home."

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

THE HAUNTED MAN.

This is a Remarkable Story of a Criminal's Confession and Conversion, and Shows What Earnest Salvation Talk Can Accomplish.



"Better Go To Prison Than To Hell, Said the Captain."

JOE DOPEM, as we will call him, began his unhappy career on the streets and wharves of Chicago. He was a typical street urchin, and in his evil surroundings, developed into a burglar and lived a life of wretchedness and crime.

At last, after a more than usual daring robbery, during which Joe and his confederates set a house on fire, he made tracks for Canada. It was not long before he was at his old tricks in this country. But sooner or later, evil deeds come home; anyhow, he got fairly caught, and so serious was the crime he committed, that he was sent to Kingston for a term of seven years. When he came out, a genuine desire to reform took possession of him, and he decided to quit the life of a crook and try to earn an honest living. His penitentiary experience had shown him that the ways of the transgressor are hard.

Whilst wandering down a street in Toronto in this frame of mind, he was attracted by an open-air meeting of The Salvation Army. He stopped and listened, and later followed the Soldiers to their Hall—which happened to be the Temple. A certain Cadet at that time felt interested in the stranger, and, after dealing with him about his soul, had the joy of seeing him kneel at the mercy seat.

For several weeks Joe got on well. Then the Officer of the Corps noticed that something seemed to haunt the new convert. Every time he saw a policeman, he would give a start, and some mysterious fear seemed to possess him, that someone was going to pounce on him suddenly and drag him off to jail again.

"Can't stand this no longer," he said one day. "I'm fairly miserable—it's hell on earth for me."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked the Officer.

Joe gave some vague answer that there were things in his life he hadn't confessed, and as he wasn't willing to do so, and face the consequences, they haunted him day and night.

After that he left Toronto, and, sad to say, went back to his crooked ways again.

Several years rolled by. The Cadet who had helped Joe in that meeting at the Temple was by this time commissioned as an Officer, and sent to a frontier Corps. One night, whilst conducting his usual open-air meeting, he caught sight of his old friend Joe, on the outskirts of the crowd. A few days before, a big robbery had been committed in the town, and all the burglars had escaped with the exception of one.

The police had put their captive in the town lockup, but during the night he had sawed through the iron bars of his cell window with some instruments he kept concealed in his boots, and had made good his escape. The town was full of talk about these startling things, and so as soon as the Captain saw Joe, he thought to himself that there was the man who was at the bottom of all the commotion. Without seeming to notice him, he yet addressed his remarks to Joe, and for his special benefit talked of sin and the judgment, in burning language. Did Joe take the message to heart? As the Corps marched off, the Captain glanced round and saw the poor fellow struggling with his emotions. He beckoned to him to follow, and Joe did so—at a respectable distance. The scene that night in The Army Barracks was a memorable one. As soon as he had the opportunity, the Captain slipped down amongst the audience, and began to plead with Joe to come back to Christ.

"No, I can't do it," said the miserable fellow. "You know what it means for me—if I confess my crimes they'll send me back to prison, and I can't stand any more of that."

"Better go to prison than to hell," said the Captain.

"Oh, my God," groaned Joe, "the life I lead now is a hell on earth to me."

"Do right at all costs, and God's peace will possess your soul," urged the Officer.

(Continued on page 15.)

TERRITORIAL STAFF BAND VISITS MIDLAND.

Mayor Reads an Address of Welcome—Over 2,500 People at Meetings.

The visit of the Staff Band to Midland was a decided success from every point of view. Though the weather was very inclement, yet good crowds came to the meetings and six sought salvation.

On their arrival, the Band drew up in front of the Queen's Hotel, and an address of welcome was read by the Mayor, to which Lieut.-Colonel Howell briefly and suitably replied. A musical festival was held in the Opera House at night, at which the Rev. Elliott presided.

On Sunday a consecration service was held in the Barracks at 9 a.m., after which the Band proceeded to the Methodist Church, which was kindly loaned for the occasion by the Rev. Simpson. About eight hundred people were present, and Lieut.-Colonel Howell preached a powerful sermon. A service of praise was held in the afternoon, the chair being taken by D. L. White, Esq., who made many favourable comments about The Army Work. A great Salvation Demonstration was conducted at night, and six souls came to God.

The total attendance at all services was 2,520, and the finances amounted to \$134.65. Adjutant Parsons made excellent arrangements, and many expressions of appreciation of the Band were heard from Salvationists and church-people alike.

BAND CHAT.

The Owen Sound Band recently gave a musical festival in the First Methodist Church, in the interests of their Band Fund. The chair was taken by the Rev. J. F. Morris. The programme was of a fine character. Six of the Territorial Staff Band were present, and helped to make the proceedings interesting. Vocal and instrumental quartettes and solos were given. A special item was a sextette. Other items given by local talent, were an organ solo, by the church organist; a piano solo, by Lallie Johnson; a quartette from a neighbouring church; a recitation by Miss McLaren and the "Trumpet" and "Australia" marches by the Band.—First Trombone.

The Lippincott Band visited Dovercourt on May 27th, and gave a very interesting programme. A large crowd assembled. Adjutant Kendall was chairman. The Band played some of the latest selections, such as the "Shields" march, and the people listened with rapt attention. A violin duet by Bandsman Aldridge and Smith; a song by Bandsman Deaton; and solos by Captain Pattenden and Bandsman Churchill were other items. A Scripture lesson was read by the Adjutant, and altogether, it was a delightful time. Mrs. Adjutant Kendall was present and spoke on "Real Salvation."

A SURE GUIDE.

When the Alpine traveller hesitated to place his foot in the hand of his guide, in order to pass around a fytting rock with a thousand feet of precipice below him, the guide, lifting his hand, said: "This hand never lost a man." The traveller stepped on it, and was carried safely over the danger. Jesus Christ never lost a man who trusted in Him.

Personalities.

Colonel Gilmour, the Under Foreign Secretary, has just paid a short visit of inspection to the Paris Headquarters.

We are pleased to say that Colonel Drangle, who has been seriously ill with rheumatic fever at Copenhagen, has safely arrived in London. Although still weak, the Colonel is very much better, and he expects to be able to return home to the United States next week.

The Colonel had a very suffering time during his illness, but is full of gratitude to God for having so far restored him, and he wishes to warmly thank all who have prayed for him during his illness.

Commissioner Halliton has paid a short visit to Helsinki, Finland, and was very much interested in seeing the work in that city, and in noting the progress which has been made since his previous visit some two or three years ago.

Unfortunately, Lieut.-Colonel Cooke was taken ill whilst conducting his Revival Campaign in the Rhineland Division, and was compelled to be absent from a few meetings. He is however, now continuing the Campaign at Bonn. Several students from the University attended the meetings, and two of them sought the blessing of a clean heart.

Commissioner Oliphant is better, and has returned to Berlin where he is fully engaged in pushing the interests of the War in Germany. He has arranged to preside at some important meetings at Whitsuntide.

Commissioner Ridsdell, who has been undergoing a course of Hydro-pathic treatment in England, returned to Holland at the end of last week. The Commissioner has greatly benefited in health, and looks much better.

Mrs. Adjutant Hudson, of Halifax I., has done excellently during the recent Self-Denial Effort. The target set was \$750.00, and Mrs. Hudson undertook to raise \$200.00 of this, in spite of having household work, and a family of small children to attend to. She was able to raise \$225.00, which we think is worthy of special mention.

It may interest many of our readers to learn of the marriage of Miss Naylor, daughter of Mr. G. W. Naylor, of Toronto, to Walter T. Clark, M.D., youngest son of Mr. A. M. Clark, of London, Ont.

For some six years or so, Miss Naylor was a stenographer at Territorial Headquarters, and was an ardent Salvationist. She started the Bible Class at the Temple, which Brigadier Stewart now teaches. Feeling called to devote her life to mission work in China, she entered the service of the China Inland Mission Society, and was sent to Shanghai. Mr. Clark is also in mission work. They were married at Bhamo, in the Upper Burmah, on March 18th, 1908.

Colonel and Mrs. Jolliffe recently visited the Niagara Falls, and as the train stopped at a certain station, a man came running up to him and said, "I got saved in Mrs. Green's meeting on Sunday, will you tell her I am still nicely saved—Good!"

THE REST OF GOD.

BY THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF.

The heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. And . . . God . . . rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had made; and God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it.—Genesis ii. 1, 2, 3.

THE work of God in the making and beautifying of the world has much in it which foreshadows His work in the saving and perfecting of the soul. Let us read the first five verses of the first chapter of Genesis, and think about that for a moment. In the beginning—that is, before the commencement of the work named in the following four verses—the earth was without form, and void. It was entirely without order, and without power in itself, and "darkness was upon the face of the deep." What a picture of the soul unsaved is this! For there, also, in the soul-world, is disorder; there also, is neither power or will to do right; there also, is darkness upon the deep within.

And then we read that the Spirit of God moved upon all this confusion, and there was a change. That was the beginning of light and life for the world. The working of that same Spirit was also the beginning of light and life and love for us.

And God said, Let there be light: and there was light. He still says the same thing amid the gross darkness of sinful hearts, with the same blessed results. Ah! when you are tempted to despair about the salvation of some poor wreck of a soul that is lost in the ruin and darkness of its weakness and its sin, call to mind the lovely and bounteous earth, and the wondrous sun and sky, which God called by a word out of that disorderly void. And God saw the light, that it was good. He judged His own work, and rejoiced in it. Even God finds it good to do good. And then followed the sunshine and life, and moving birds, and all that was needed in order to constitute a beautiful and useful world. And at last man was made to rule it all; "and God rested on the seventh day," and that week of wonders was ended.

Everything He did in the course of this wonderful process has a lesson for us: every day's labour in the workshop of this outer world—the world that is one day to perish, foreshadows some of the work which He wants to do in us, in the inner world of character, that will never perish. It all reveals work that He will go on doing for us until, as Adam was formed to rule in the Garden, so the second Adam, our Lord Jesus Himself, shall be formed again in us to dwell in our hearts and lives, the ruler there of every faculty. These lessons are all worthy of our attention, though to-day I can only refer to one—the Sabbath of Rest.

And . . . God . . . rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had made; and God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it.

1. It was the rest of God. He can find it in but few of the hearts who know Him. He calls many, but few are chosen: He visits many, but few desire to have Him as an abiding guest; He works in many hearts, but few are prepared in purity and separateness to become His dwelling, His home, His resting place. Are you one of those? Is your heart a temple, set apart and separated from unclean things, and from the world and the love of the world, and really made fit for the occupation of your Saviour,

so that He is able to fulfil His great promise, "I will dwell in you, and walk in you?"

To come with grace and love, And never hence remove

Blessed be His Holy Name, that is the Sabbath of a full salvation.

2. But this rest was only entered after the work—that is, the will—of God was done. His whole purpose had been completed. Everything was then according to His will. The disorder and the darkness were both gone. The earth and the sky, the day and the night, the light, the life, the order, the beauty and the control, all was as He wished; and He saw all that He had made, and He said that "it was good." And then the rest began.

That is the only way to obtain rest in your world. His will must be done in you, as it was done in the earth in those first days of that new spring time. Your life must be in Him, and His in you. Your law must be His wish; your body, with all its powers must be His, and in His hands, as really as was that sweet garden earth in Eden; your love must be kept pure and undefiled by the presence of His; your will must be linked to His for better or for worse, for joy or sorrow, just as Adam's was on the earth's first Sunday morning. There must be no opposition to Him, no differences with Him, no holding back from Him. The will of God must be gladly and fully done. And then the inward rest of God, the Sabbath of the soul, will begin for you.

There cannot be rest if two wills are contending—if you are pulling one way and God is calling another; nor can there be rest if you are seeking to work out your own plans while God is working out His. That will but bring back the old confusion and the old darkness, as at the beginning, and you will go back to the sinning and repenting as at the first. The real rest is in His, not in our will; in His, and never in our plan. When we are really abandoned to do and suffer all His will, we shall take pleasure in Him, and He will find pleasure in us.

3. But the law of that Sabbath was the law of life and service—of action, not idleness. There was indeed, rest, but there was no standing still. The inner life of the new world which had just been called into being went forward. The sun, the stars, the wind, the sea, the dew, the herbs, the trees, the moving creatures, the man—yes, even God Himself—each fulfilled their life, hour by hour. Nothing stopped growing, nothing stopped yielding its fruits. There was the rest of a perfect harmony, but there was no stagnation.

So with us: the rest of full salvation—of the indwelling God—does not imply that we shall grow no more. No, no; prayer, and faith, and the Bible are just as necessary and just as precious, and communion with God is just as beautiful and helpful, the lessons of His providence are just as fruitful, while dependence upon Him for strength and life and guidance are just as real as ever.

Rest is not quitting the busy career; Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere.

It is rest, but it is still growing; it

(Continued on page 15.)

Fifth Motor Campaign.

THE GENERAL'S

Tour Through Scotland and the Heart of England.

EXTENSIVE PROGRAMME ARRANGED.

We gather from the British War Cry that The General contemplates another Motor Campaign. The route will be through the heart of England and Scotland.

The Campaign will commence on Saturday, June 20th, at Dundee, from whence the Tour will continue down through Scotland, the Northern Counties, the Midlands, and the South of England, finishing up at the Crystal Palace, on Saturday, July 25th, by which time, the distance covered will approximate 1,500 miles. The "Fleet" will consist of five cars.

The Chief of the Staff will be at The General's side in the start from Dundee, and will probably journey with him for a couple of days before returning to International Headquarters.

Wayside and Workhouse Meetings.

In regard to the outlook, Colonel Whitmore stated: "Already arrangements are largely completed for many Civic Receptions, it being the evident wish, not only of our own people, but of many outside friends, to mark their sense of the importance of the occasion.

"Other arrangements made, and which are especially pleasing to The General, include, as in former years, wayside meetings at workhouses and similar institutions.

"We have the clearest indications that the Motor Tours have lost none of their popularity; quite the reverse. The moment the question of this year's Tour was mooted, applications began to pour in. Indeed, one difficulty has been the impossibility of meeting the desires of so many who besieged us with urgent requests. Thus, much against our will, a good deal of disappointment has been unavoidable.

"Perhaps the requests which are hardest to refuse are best represented by a pathetic appeal to The General from a Yorkshire town, ten miles off the route. The writer of the letter introduces himself with the reminder that he has been a Soldier twenty-three years, during twenty-two of which he has been a Local Officer, and goes on to say, 'Ours is a small Corps, but we do not take second place to any Corps in the United Kingdom for loyalty and affection. This is not the first time we have asked, can't you fix it?'

"Such a plea," commented the Field Secretary, "cannot be ignored, and we are trying to include a stop at that place if possible."

"The General, you will be interested to know, has decided to seize the opportunity of visiting the town made famous by its splendid Revival—Ayr—where he will speak on June 26th. The royal Borough of Windsor will be visited by our Leader for the first time, and we hope something may be arranged for Eton.

The last meeting on the Tour will be at Faversham—where The General's granddaughter is in charge.

"From thence he will run direct to the Crystal Palace."

THE WAR CRY.

PRINTED for Thomas B. Coombs, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and Alaska, by the Salvation Army Printing House, 18 Albert St., Toronto.

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Comments on Current Matters.

A VOLUNTARY MARTYR.

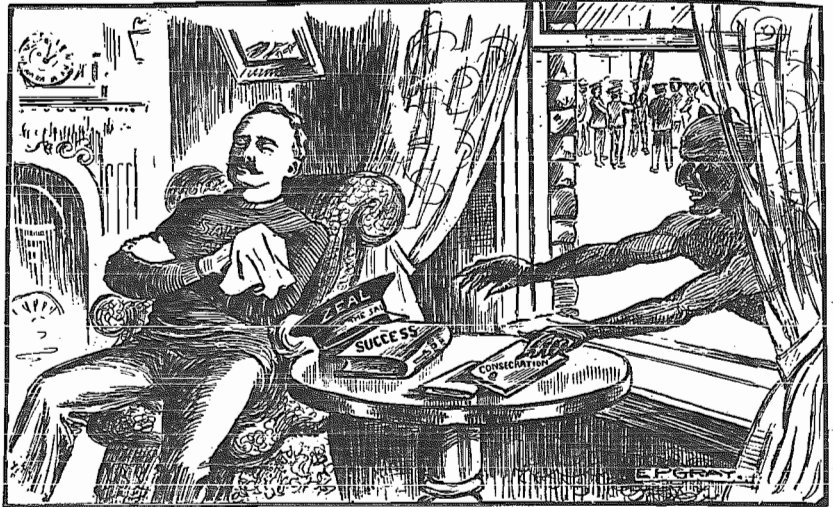
A striking story comes to hand from New York, by which it would appear that the spirit of self-sacrifice has not become extinct in these days. A man, who, according to his own story, lost his wife and son through the ravages of tuberculosis, has volunteered to surrender his body in the interests of medical science and humanity, and has permitted a physician to inoculate his system with the germs of consumption. It seems that the disease has made considerable progress, and has thoroughly entered his system. The benefit to mankind that it is hoped may accrue from this proceeding is the effect upon the man of different kinds of medicine. The plain man would naturally suppose that the same results could be obtained by experimenting on one who has not voluntarily taken a victim to tuberculosis. Nevertheless, it is impossible not to admire the self-sacrifice and motive that prompted the man to thus give himself up to death.

AN EXAMPLE OF DEVOTION.

It should also serve as an incentive to greater desperation and self-sacrifice on the part of those who are labouring to save the souls of men. Throughout this land there are many who take upon themselves the name of their Redeemer, Who died to save others, and who, indeed, are doing meritorious work in connection with their own Corps as Soldiers, but who would have a much wider scope of soul-saving work as Officers, if they would but exercise the same feeling of noble unselfishness, as we believe must have actuated the man of whom we write. May we urge such for Christ's sake, and for the sake of those who are victims of the black plague of sin, to give themselves to save others.

SCIENCE AND CRIME.

Science is making things very difficult for the evil-doer. In addition to finger-prints, the microscope and Bertillon method, a new terror now confronts the murderer, for, according to a newspaper report, a belief in the theory that the last object seen by the murdered person may be fixed as a photographic negative on the retina, caused a coroner to have a photograph taken of one eye of a woman whose body was taken from the Mississippi River, and who, it is thought, was murdered and thrown into the river. The developed photograph, the coroner says, shows the faint outline of the face of a man, with hooked nose, bearded cheeks, and glabrous scalp. The coroner says he will try to find a possible murderer by the use of this photograph. A post-mortem examination established the absence of water in the lungs, although the body had evidently been in the water for several weeks, and the neck was broken.



A WORD TO THE WISE.

Beware of the Hot Weather—the Devil is About; Don't Let Him Steal Your Most Treasured Possessions.

THE GREAT JUDGE.

That "your sins will find you out" is a truth every year is making more obvious. What with telegraphs girdling the earth, extradition treaties between nations, and scientific aids to the discovery of crime, the evil-doer can seldom find a way of escape. But no matter how cunningly man may conceal his misdeeds from the eyes of justice, there is no hiding them from the presence of Him Who sits upon the throne, and Who will one day judge both the quick and the dead. But it is a glorious fact that though our sins cannot be hidden from God, they can be forgiven us by Him. Have you had your sins forgiven?

COLONEL AND MRS. SOWTON AT DOVERCOURT

A Powerful Series of Meetings—Seven Seek Salvation and Three Holiness.

Although the rain came down in torrents, yet the Hall was practically filled three times, and very powerful services were held, resulting in seven for pardon and three for cleansing.

The reading of The General's letter in the morning meeting produced a great impression. The Colonel's address was heart-searching, and brought his hearers face to face with their privileges and responsibilities as followers of Jesus Christ.

In the afternoon the Chief Secretary gave his popular lecture entitled, "Under the Colours in Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Iceland." Many and varied are the experiences through which he has passed, and his account of The Army's doings in the above-mentioned lands, was listened to with great pleasure and profit.

The night's meeting was the crowning time, although still raining, the building was gorged. Both the Colonel and Mrs. Sowton spoke with great unction and power, and many of the audience were in tears. The prayer meeting was well sustained, and we had a glorious finish.

The Colonel's armour-bearers were Major and Mrs. Miller, Adjutants Sims and Cornish, and your humble dust.—Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.

Chief Secretary's Notes

I had much pleasure in accompanying the Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs to Hamilton, to the re-opening of our splendid Rescue and Maternity Hospital in that city. Certainly this is a model institution of its kind and doing a splendid work.

The meetings held in connection with the re-opening have been reported elsewhere, so that there is no need to refer to them here, except to say that the addresses of both the Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs were most practical, and will, doubtless, help in making still more friends for this branch of our work in the future.

We regret to say that Staff-Captain Symons, from I. H. Q., who arrived in this country a couple of weeks ago with a party of immigrants, met with a serious accident while boarding the steamer at Quebec. As he was getting on board his left foot was caught in the roller on the shore-end of the gangway, and his leg got crushed and badly torn and bruised. He was able, however, to proceed on his journey, although a number of stitches had to be put in his leg. Still, we are glad to hear that no bones were broken, and hope that this accident will not prove so serious as it at first appeared. Pray for the Staff-Captain, who is a very bright and promising Officer on the I. H. Q. Staff.

Mrs. Brigadier Taylor, of the Training College, also met with a serious accident the other day, as her foot slipped and in falling two of her ribs were broken. We hear that Mrs. Taylor is progressing as satisfactorily as can be expected, and hope that there will be no serious consequences and that she soon will be herself again. May God abundantly bless and restore her.

We would like to call the attention of our Toronto comrades and friends to the Illustrated Stereopticon Lecture to be given in the Temple on Monday evening, June 15th, by Lieut.-Colonel Damon, from the United States. Lieut.-Colonel Damon, who is an American by birth, is the Provincial Officer of the Atlantic Coast Province, with his Headquarters in Phila-

delphia. He was for several years associated with me, as General Secretary in Chicago. His lecture, entitled, "In Darkest America," will be illustrated by over one hundred interesting and splendidly coloured slides, and will be of a most helpful character.

The programme arranged for this year's Camp Meetings is advertised on the back page of this "Cry." But we would like especially to draw the attention of our comrades and friends in and around Toronto to the same. These meetings promise to be of exceptional interest and blessing, and should be attended by as many Salvationists and friends as can possibly come. Brigadier Taylor will be glad to supply full particulars regarding tents, etc. The fact that the Camp Grounds are easily accessible by street car from all parts of the city, will make it possible for those, also, to attend, who will not be able to camp on the grounds. Let us pray for a special outpouring of God's Spirit upon these meetings, and for a great wave of Revival.

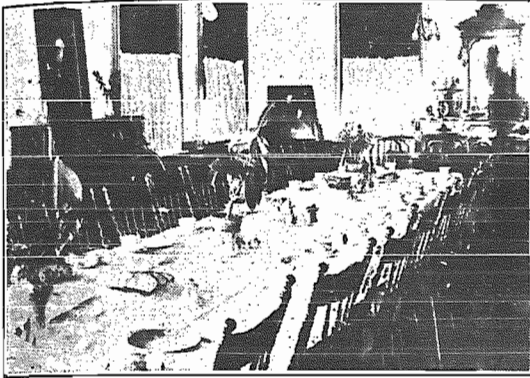
A Candidates' Council, consisting of Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin, Brigadier Taylor, Major Simco, and myself, was held at the Training College, last Tuesday night, at which about twenty-five promising Candidates from the Toronto Corps were interviewed, and a number of cases decided upon the spot, but we are still in need of a considerable number for our next Session, which is to commence in September, and which the Commissioner is especially desirous should be the largest Session we have yet had in this country. The harvest is still plenteous, but the labourers are few, and we urge our young men and women in all parts of the country, to lay this matter in prayer before God, and be willing to say, "Here am I, send me."

The reward of well-doing is the having done right.

If it is not a practicable idea to be holy in this world, then it will follow that the devil has so completely accomplished his design in corrupting mankind that Jesus Christ is at fault, and has no way to sanctify His people but by taking them out of the world.

Reopening of the Hamilton Rescue Home and Hospital By Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs.

A Successful Function and a Highly Efficient Institution
—A Great Meeting in the Knox Church.



The New Dining Room.

VERY agreeable ceremony was carried out under most agreeable conditions, at Hamilton, last Monday — namely, the reopening of the Rescue Home and Maternity Hospital in that city.

The circumstances that led to this event were the completion of a new wing, and a thorough renovation of the original premises, the whole now rendering the Institution a well-equipped, commodious, and exceedingly pleasant Hospital and Home.

The Institution is situated in an admirable locality on the slopes of Hamilton mountain, where the breezes are filtered by the groves of pine, hemlock and maples that cloth its sides; and which afford a charming outlook. On the occasion of our visit, the changes of green were marvellous, ranging from the green-black of the Douglas fir, to the tender green of bursting buds.

The Home itself stands in ample grounds comprising an orchard of pear and apple trees, with tall lush grass in which the babies rolled and cooed to their hearts' content.

The new wing comprises a spacious basement, which has been equipped for laundry work; a very large dining-room, which will also serve as a sewing-room; well-lighted and commodious day and night nurseries for the children, and additional bedrooms.

The older portion has also been structurally altered, and charmingly decorated. The furniture and fixtures have been selected with an experienced eye to comfort and cleanliness, consonant with the economy which characterises Army expenditure.

We congratulate Mrs. Coombs on this acquisition to the chain of splendid Homes and Hospitals that now encircle the Dominion, like cities of refuge for the erring; and also Ensign Price, on the success that has attended her efforts, and the increased facilities that she now has for the carrying on and developing of the good work of the past. The Home has accommodation for twenty children and twenty girls.

It was, then, to formally open this place, that Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs, the Chief Secretary, and

other members of the Headquarters' Staff, paid a visit to Hamilton.

The meeting that preceded the opening ceremony was held on the tiny lawn in front of the Home, the umbrageous trees forming a delightful atmosphere. It was presided over by Mayor R. T. Stewart, Esq., and attended by an encouraging number of Hamilton's citizens. The attendance of the ministerial fraternity was especially noticeable, and spoke volumes for the appreciation of the Rescue Work on the part of the ministers of the Gospel.

The Chief Secretary gave out the opening hymn, after which the Rev. Mr. Justice, of Brantford, prayed, and Colonel Pugnair sang a song. The chairman then, in no uncertain sounds, expressed his appreciation, as Mayor of the city, of the work done by The Army in this particular line. He spoke of the great pleasure it gave him to preside over the gathering, as he was actuated by the kindest feelings towards The Salvation Army and its Rescue Work, and that he was not saying too much when he said that the citizens of Hamilton held it in very high esteem. He had been connected with the City Council for a long time, and he well remembered how, many years ago, a deputation waited upon the Council to ask that street operations of The Army might be stopped, but since then, a great change had come over the city, and it was long ago that he had heard anything but praise and credit given for the work of The Army. He had known cases who had fallen, and when they were friendless and most needed a friend, had been received into the Home where they had been so kindly and wisely treated that they had since become happily married and were doing well. Had it not been for The Army Home, the results might have been sadly different. He had gathered that the splendid results of seventy per cent. success attended the efforts of this Institution, The Army, therefore, had good reason to be proud of the result, and too much could not be said in praise of it. May The Army long be enabled to carry on their splendid work. (Applause.) Dr. McNicol, Physician in Chief to

the Home, then gave a splendid eulogy of the Rescue Work. He congratulated The Army on the position that the Home holds to-day, and drew a striking contrast between the humane methods practised in The Army's maternity work and that of other institutions. The usual hospital treatment is that the unhappy ones are admitted just when physical necessities compel admittance, and they are cast out upon a cold world in a few weeks' time, shunned by friends, and not in a position to make new friends, but in The Salvation Army, the unhappy ones are kept under the most beautiful influences, until they can care for themselves, and their children are kept in the Home for five years, unless they are happily adopted in the meantime. Many of the girls are, in consequence, most happily circumstanced as wives.

He spoke most highly of the efficiency of the Officers who are professional Hospital graduates. He did not know their equals; they could command the highest prices paid for their work, but they freely gave their lives and skill to the interests of unfortunate girls. One tribute to the efficiency of this Army Home, was that during the whole eleven years of its existence, there had not been one death of a maternity case.

struck hard upon the heart. She told how one day she met one of her Officers whose eyes were swollen with weeping. She asked what was the matter, and was told that the Officers had shortly before ministered to a child aged twelve, who had become a mother.

The need of such Maternity Homes was powerfully brought before the gathering by other speakers, as was also, the ability of The Army to manage such Institutions.

At the conclusion of the meeting, the Mayor formally declared the Home open, and the friends who were conducted through the Home were delighted with what they saw. The opening was a great success.

An impressive meeting was held at night in the Knox Church, at which the Hon. J. M. Gibson presided. He expressed the pleasure he felt at being invited to take the chair, as it afforded him an opportunity of showing his sympathy with the work of The Army, and his more than ordinary sympathy with the work identified with the new Home that had been opened that afternoon.

The Commissioner then gave a stirring address on the advertised subject, "The Women's Social and Rescue Work." The appreciative audience listened with strained attention to the heart-moving facts and glorious triumphs that the Commissioner recounted as being accomplished by The Army through the influence of Christ.

Alderman Poregrine moved a vote of thanks to Commissioner Coombs, for the excellent speech he had given, Rev. Mr. Mitchell, the new pastor of Knox Church, seconded the motion, and spoke on the general work of The Army, and his acquaintance with, and appreciation of, the good being done. He assured the members that they could look upon him during his stay in Hamilton, as being in hearty accord with their work.



Ensign Price, the Matron of the Hamilton Home.

Mrs. Wolfkill, on behalf of the Young Women's Christian Association, expressed the sympathetic appreciation of that organisation for The Army's Rescue Work.

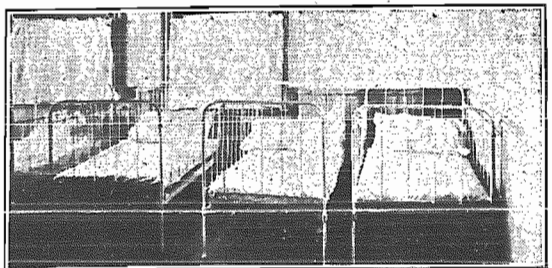
His Worship the Mayor then called upon the Commissioner to address the gathering. In an interesting and comprehensive sketch of The Army's work amongst women, our Leader told how that this work had not only won municipal recognition, but also Provincial and Federal recognition.

Mrs. Coombs also gave a short but splendid speech. Voice, bearing and intonation, were all in harmony with the tender pathos of her theme, and though quietly spoken, each word

Caring For the Lepers. Captain Suyeoka, an Officer of Japanese nationality, has been stationed for some time in Hawaii, but owing to a breakdown in health, has returned to his native country for furlough. Seven or eight Japanese lepers were being sent back to Japan by the same vessel. The Captain was asked to give his attention to these people on the voyage, which he gladly undertook to do. They very much appreciated his kindness and the services which he rendered to them.

We are all centres of good or bad influence.

There are people who keep the Sabbath, not because they love God, but because it is respectable. They will not stay away from public worship on the Sabbath because they could not maintain any reputation for religion at all if they did.



A Corner in the New Night Nursery.

The Week-End's Despatches.

AGAIN GOD MANIFESTS HIS POWER TO SAVE.

THE CORPS ARE FIGHTING BRAVELY.

FIELD SECRETARY VISITS WOODSTOCK.

The Mayor Speaks Well of Army Work.

We had an exceptionally good time at Woodstock, Ont., on the occasion of Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin's visit to the town. He gave his lecture on "Queer Fish," which was enjoyed by all present. There was only one kind of fish he omitted, and that was "the fish out of water," to which I might liken the writer, who sat on the platform in close proximity to the Colonel, the Captain, and the Mayor (the rest of the comrades sitting down in the audience.)

The Band turned out and met the Colonel at the station, and then marched up and had a nice long open-air on Dundas Street. There was a nice crowd present, who welcomed the Colonel and extended an invitation for him to give us a week-end.

His Worship the Mayor occupied the chair, and spoke encouragingly of our Work here in the city.—R. C.

PRAYING AND BUILDING.

During the prayer meeting on Sunday afternoon at New Aberdeen, a dear Sister wept her way to the mercy seat, and found pardon. We had a great gathering at the evening open-air. The Band played "Lead Kindly Light." Our Hall was packed, and Captain Hargroves spoke of our young men's safety. A quartette, by Mrs. Hargroves, the Sergeant-Major, Deputy-Bandmaster and the Band-Sergeant was splendid. One young man sought salvation.

On Monday about fifty Soldiers set to work with picks, shovels and wheelbarrows, to finish our new Hall. They were at it before seven a.m. Such a sight New Aberdeen never saw before. Our dear Captain was boss.—Uncle Joe.

BACKSLIDERS' NIGHT.

Adjutant Byers led the holiness meeting at Winnipeg 1, on Sunday, and one soul sought sanctification. The evening meeting was led by Captain Williams, who appealed specially to backsliders. He spoke very well, and the people listened attentively. When the invitation was given, three backsliders came home.

Brother Gaunt farewelled for the West, and gave part of his life story. He was once a drunkard, but God has wondrously saved him. The open-airs were well attended. We had five open-air stands at night.—S. W. Prince.

Since last report from Liverpool, we have had a visit from the G. B. M. Agent, Captain Backus. He gave the beautiful and touching service entitled, "Paying the Fare," at Milton, on Friday. On Saturday he gave at Liverpool, and on Monday night at Brooklyn. The service was enjoyed by all. The meetings all day Sunday were conducted by the Captain.—G. E. M.

MRS. MAJOR GREEN VISITS BRANTFORD.

We were blessed this week-end at Brantford by the visit of Mrs. Major Green and Mrs. Ridgeway.

On Saturday evening, the crowd on the Market Square appreciated the services of The Army by a very liberal contribution. The inside meeting was taken by Mrs. Green in her usual successful manner.

Good meetings were held all day on Sunday. Deputy-Bandmaster Smith and family, and a new Bandsman were welcomed to the Corps in the afternoon.

A monster gathering assembled on the Market Square at night, and listened to some striking testimonies to salvation and some well rendered songs and Band music.

Mrs. Major Green took the inside meeting. Sister Mrs. Ridgeway spoke eloquently on the subject of David and Saul, and made a powerful appeal to backsliders to return to God. The meeting closed amidst much rejoicing.

A TRAVELLING BAND.

The Peterborough Corps was busy during the last week-end. Our Band paid a visit to Campbellford, and in their absence the Soldiers and Songsters carried on the meetings.

On Monday three hundred Soldiers and friends, with the Band, boarded a steam-racht, and went down the river to Idyle, where we spent a happy day. On the 27th, the Band went to Keene, where they were heartily received.—C. Harrison, for Staff-Captain Goodwin.

GOOD WORK AT REFORMATORY.

Again we can report victory at Portage la Prairie. Everything is going ahead. Our S.-D. target, which was \$275.00 has been smashed.

Our Band is improving, and we now have twelve players, and expect a new Bandsman soon. Our Work is also going ahead in the Reformatory. We can report thirteen souls there during the last month. They testify to the saving and keeping power of Christ.—Alice Chivens, Lieut.

God is still blessing us at Bay Bull's Arm. We had a good time on Sunday, May 24th. The night meeting was the best, when two souls came to the mercy seat and cried aloud to God for salvation. They afterwards gave a clear testimony of what Christ had done for them. Our prayer is that they may go forward to prove His power to keep, and may many more come to Him.—Captain H. Whit.

Adjutant Haskirk recently visited Burk's Falls. On Saturday night he sang for a whole hour. The meetings were well attended on Sunday, and the music and singing of our visitor were much enjoyed. Two surrendered to God in the night meeting.

Our Self-Denial target is smashed.—Lieutenant Milled Armstrong.

BRIGADIER BURDITT AT REGINA.

Infant of Mrs. Yake Dedicated.

We have had an enjoyable visit from Brigadier Burditt. He was assisted by Ensign Taylor, of Brandon, and the meetings were attended by large crowds. Commencing on Saturday evening, when a young man found salvation, the visit was a successful one in many ways.

On Sunday morning the daughter of Mrs. Yake, of Waseley, Sask., a former Army Officer, was dedicated to God and The Army; and Staff-Captain Hayes, who is now convalescent after her recent operation, and is staying in Regina at present, was a member of the congregation and renewed old acquaintances. The Hall at night was packed, and two found their way to the penitent form.

The Brigadier also visited the R. N.-W. M. P. Guardroom, where a good meeting was held in the afternoon.—E. B.

ALL FELT SATISFIED.

Halifax 1, was the scene of a very lively and enthusiastic time on Thursday night. Our dear friends, the Methodists, under the guidance of Miss Saunders, gave us a wonderful treat. The singing and reciting was of a very high-class order, and, thanks to the energy of the Soldiers and friends, who bombarded everyone with tickets, the Hall was comfortably full.

Although the meeting was continued until ten o'clock, no one seemed to be weary of it, or showed any sign of restlessness, on the contrary, all were sorry when the end arrived.

Of course, the Band was in evidence, with some beautiful selections of S. A. music, and all were blessed and satisfied, even the treasurer (who required some dollars for the coal bill.) We are all looking forward for another visit from Miss Saunders and her party.—Geo. H. Coles, for Adjutant Hudson.

RESCUE OFFICERS LEAD ON.

The Officers from the Rescue Home conducted a service at Lippincott on a recent Thursday. Ensign Beeson was in charge, and a very nice time was spent. Ensign Ducker sang a beautiful solo and Captain Large and Lieutenants Coty, Arnold and McAlister also took part. Two helpers from the Home were present, and assisted by singing.

On Sunday, Brigadier Collier conducted the memorial service of Miss Emma Michiel, who had been promoted to Glory during the week. Three souls sought the Saviour.

We were wonderfully blessed at Strathroy by a visit from Mrs. Adj. Haskirk this week-end. Her heart-searching talks revealed to the sinners their position before God, but the message was also one of love, and showed the way out of sin and difficulty. As a result we had three in the fountain.—Captain Taylor.

We had the pleasure of having, Ensign Englund with us at Norris Arm, on Sunday. She conducted a farewell meeting at night for Candidate Ball, and spoke from a text in Daniel. One young man came to God. Our little Hall was crowded.—May Jarvis.

BRIGADIER HARGRAVE AT PERTH.

Montreal Band Delights People — Meetings Held in Town Hall.

The good work at Perth is still progressing. We have recently been favoured with a visit from our worthy Provincial Commanders Brigadier and Mrs. Hargrave. They were ably assisted by Staff-Captain McAmmond and the Montreal Citadel Brass Band, and conducted a week-end's special meetings, which proved to be a means of great blessing and inspiration to all.

A grand musical festival was given on Saturday night, and all day on Sunday the Lord was present with us. The sweet singing and eloquent speaking of Mrs. Brigadier Hargrave on Sunday night greatly pleased the people. Much conviction was felt, and two precious souls knelt at the mercy seat. Splendid crowds attended all the meetings. Income good.

The people expressed themselves as being perfectly delighted with the grand music rendered by the Band. The Mayor and Councillors showed their good will by allowing us the use of the Town Hall for these meetings. And all say, come again soon.—M. T.

ALL SANG FOR JOY.

On Sunday last much of God's presence was felt at Musgrave Town, and three souls came out and gave themselves to God. One was a backslider for quite a number of years, and when he came out the people danced and shouted "home once more."

Our Soldiers and friends will soon be gone again now on the Summer voyages. We pray that God will bless and prosper them where ever they go.

Self-Denial has been all the talk, but we have strong faith that we shall raise our target.

The singing of Captain Blackmore on Sunday night was much appreciated. She sang, "Oh, What a Change."—Jacko.

CONVERTS GETTING UNIFORM.

We are having good times at Seal Cove, F. B. Last Sunday night another young man, who has been deeply convicted for a long time, came to the meeting and got blessedly saved, and since then has been testifying to the fact. It is good to see those who have got saved this winter in full uniform. Our march has increased greatly.

We have no Officer with us at present, as Lieutenant Marsh has left us for a while, and is gone home to see his mother, who is very sick. Since Lieutenant Marsh has been here about thirty have got saved.—Corps. Cot.

We have seen several souls come to God lately at Pictou, and we soon expect to have an enrollment. A Songster Brigade has been started, chiefly composed of the Young People of the Corps. It is proving a great blessing. Under the leadership of Captains Gartlan and Thornton, the Corps is progressing.—C. H.

We had a visiting text at Winnipeg 111, during Self-Denial Week. The Officers, Soldiers and Bandsmen all worked hard. Under Bandmaster Robson the Band serenaded the strict and raised a good sum.

LOWER MILLSTREAM VISITED.

Sussex, N. B.—Father Creighton delivered a very interesting and beneficial address on his recent visit to the Old Country a short time ago, which was enjoyed by a very good crowd.

We had a visit from Mrs. Smith, of Campbellton, a few weeks ago, and her many friends were delighted to have her in our midst once again.

On the 25th of May, our Officers, Captain Strothard and Lieutenant Barr, assisted by a number of the Local Officers and Soldiers, drove to Lower Millstream and conducted a musical meeting. The Sussex String Band rendered several selections, and some cornet, guitar, violin and vocal solos were given. A full house greeted us, and the people were very pleased with the meeting, and gave liberally when the offering was taken. —Ethel Doyle.

FIVE STEP ABOARD.

The Revival fire is still burning at Little Ward's Harbour, and we are having some blessed out-pourings of the Holy Spirit. A number have taken their stand for God.

On Sunday night we had a glorious time! The Gospel ship sailed by and five men shipped for Glory. One was a man of sixty. He gave a bright testimony, and rejoiced in the old-time way in a new-found Saviour. —Miss Beatrice Cooper.

At Halifax N., Adjutant Orchard announced that there would be fifteen special subjects given from the Bible, and those finding out the highest number would receive a prize.

This caused considerable interest. No less than twenty-two tried, but J. S. M. Mrs. Mills won the first prize, Mrs. Murphy second, and B. O. L. Leader Mrs. Hodgson third.

We are pleased to say that the fire is still burning brightly. Five souls came forward on Sunday, and we finished up at 10.30 p.m., dancing happy.

Our S.D. Target of \$300.00 was smashed.—W. L. B.

We had a grand week-end at High River. We were pleased to have J. Sergeant-Major Davidson and Sergeant Robert Baker, from Calgary, with us on Sunday. Three comrades surrendered their all to God in the holiness meeting, and two little girls came out to the mercy seat and sought Jesus in the Company meeting.

On Monday our Officers, Captain Leadman and Lieutenant Richards, came back from Self-Denial collecting. On Tuesday night we had another blessed time, and two more comrades sought more of God's love, and one young man found his way to the Saviour.—C. S. B.

Petrolia has just been favoured by a visit from Mrs. Adjutant Habirk, and Envoy Ward, of London. Good crowds attended the meetings, and the speaking and singing of Mrs. Habirk and the Envoy was much appreciated.

The meetings all day Sunday were splendid. At the holiness meeting, one young man decided for Christ. At the memorial service at night, which was held for the late Mrs. Johnston, one soul returned to the fold.—L. M. Kerr.

Seaforth has been favoured with another visit from Brother Church, of Stratford, for the week-end. His talks were very much enjoyed. The attendance was better than for some time.

A WESTERN WEDDING.

The latest news from Calgary is a Hallelujah Wedding. Bandsman Lock and Sister Jessie Aron were the happy couple.

On Wednesday night the Citadel was well filled with an interested crowd. The ceremony was conducted by Staff-Captain Combs. Some of the Sisters spoke and gave the happy couple some good, sound advice, while Lieutenant Hutchinson spoke on behalf of the young men. He, as usual, had some humorous stories to tell about what he "has read."

Everything went off without a hitch and the spirit of the meeting was beautiful all through. The bride and bridegroom received many beautiful and useful presents, and settled at once in their new home, determined to do all they can for God and souls. —May Jackson.

OLD TIME SING-SONG.

We are glad to report that God is blessing us at Vancouver I. On Sunday night six souls found their way to the mercy seat. We are also pleased to say that our Self-Denial target has been safely reached.

During the week of Self-Denial we had special meetings every night, in which the J. S. Locals, married people, Band, and Corps Cadets took part, and on Sunday night we had an old time sing-song service. Soldiers, converts and friends did all they could to help with the Self-Denial target. —J. Daubreville, Captain.

WEDDING AT TRURO.

Our meetings at Truro, of late have been well attended, but on May 20th the Barracks was gorged with an enthusiastic crowd, to witness the marriage of two of our comrades, namely, Brother Cook and Sister McCarty.

The meeting was of a lively nature, and to make it more interesting, three comrades were enrolled by the Brigadier.

We pray that God will bless our newly-married comrades.—J. W. B.

We were very pleased to have with us at Sturgeon Falls for the week-end, Captain E. Matier. This is his first visit. God was with us, and conviction was stamped upon the faces of several present, and two raised their hands for prayer.

On Monday night the Captain gave his lantern service, entitled, "One of His Jewels," to a large crowd, and several were present who were never there before. It was evident by the attention given during the lecture, and the appreciative remarks of the audience at the close, that the visit of the Captain was enjoyed by all.

Four souls knelt at the mercy seat during the last week-end at Shelburne. We have lately had our P. O., Lieut.-Colonel Turner, here; he gave us a soul-stirring lecture on the Work of the Salvation Army throughout the world—a lecture as only such a talented Officer can give.

One backslider returned to the fold on Wednesday evening.—M. Enslow, for Ensign Miller and Captain Snow.

Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin arrived in Berlin last Saturday, and gave his interesting lecture on "Queer Fish." A splendid open-air service was held previous to the lecture, and the Colonel spoke for fully twenty minutes to a large crowd. The people enjoyed the lecture immensely.

BREAKING NEW GROUND.

Lieutenant Oxford recently visited Southern Bay, and we had some good meetings. In the Sunday morning meeting, Sergeant-Major and Mrs. Quinton gave their baby girl to God and The Army.

A meeting was also held at Indian Arm, where the Methodist minister kindly loaned us his church. Three souls were saved. Next day we went to Seal Cove, and held a meeting in the School-house; the first Army service ever conducted at that place. Jamestown and Portland were also visited, and one soul came to God.

On Sunday, Captain Hale and Lieutenant Ursaki farewelled from Paris. During their short stay here, they have done a good work for the Master. Many have sought the Saviour, and others have been helped to press on and do their best to bring the erring ones to the Cross.

Our Self-Denial Effort was a great success, and we smashed our target all to pieces.

Quite a number of Soldiers were at the depot on Monday to wish the Officers God speed.—M. W.

God is still blessing us at Blaketown, and sinners are seeking salvation. Sunday, May 17th, was a glorious day to our souls. In the night meeting much conviction was felt, and at the close we were able to shout victory over four souls who found a Saviour.

We are also rejoicing and praising God for the wonderful way He has helped us during our Self-Denial Effort.—Lieut. B. Whitten, for Capt. L. Shears.

God has come very near to us at St. John's I., on Sunday, and blessed our labours by giving us souls. One Sister made a full surrender in the holiness meeting. After a good meeting at night, eight precious souls gave their hearts to God. We finished up dancing for joy. Adjutant Smith was leading on.—War Cor.

DIFFICULTY OF WAITING.

Nansen built the "Fram" so that he might allow himself to be frozen into the ice, and carried, as he expected, across the North Pole by the current. When he was sitting in his cabin, week after week, he wrote: "It wants ten times as much strength of mind to sit still and trust to your theories, and let nature work them out without your being able to lay so much as one stick across another to help, than it does to trust in working them out by your own energy. That is nothing when you have a pair of strong arms."

So we must "rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him."

A FATHER'S PRAYER.

A noted man had a son of eminent talents, but perverse and extremely vicious. All means of love and persuasion were without success. The father could only pray, which he continued to do, that the Lord might yet be pleased to save his son at any time and in any way. The son fell sick, and while lying on his bed in great distress of mind, nearly past the power of speech and motion, he suddenly started up, clasping his hands, and exclaimed, "My father's prayers like mountains surround me!" Soon after his anxiety ceased, a sweet peace spread over his face, his malady came to a crisis, and the son was saved in body and soul.

God Helped Her.

An S.D. Incident.

A young probationary Officer was sent out from one of our Country Corps to visit some adjacent villages in the interests of the Self-Denial Effort. At one of these she met a large-hearted Presbyterian pastor, who loved God and the heathen enough to accompany The Army's representative and introduce her to various members of his community. This brought in the pleasing result of a hundred dollars to the cause they pleaded. The Lieutenant did not bargain for the service she was then requested to render in remuneration! "I want you to give a lecture to my people on Sunday night on the work of The Salvation Army," said the pastor.

Poor Lieutenant! She certainly could not refuse, but it was a big order for a beginner! Her Captain got a letter by the next mail, saying, "If ever you prayed for me in your life, you must now!"

The Captain prayed, and the Lieutenant pleaded! The people were thoroughly interested, and the church, needless to say, was crowded.

"Didn't God help you, Lieutenant?" we asked.

"Indeed, He certainly did," was her emphatic answer.

Fire and Water.

On our desk before us as we write lies a large envelope which looks considerably the worse for wear. Stamped across it are the words, "Damaged in railway wreck." It appears that the missive was being conveyed to Toronto on the train which got smashed up at Owen Sound, and though much injured by water and rough usage, yet escaped total destruction. Fortunately, indeed, for us, that it so happened, for in the envelope was a cheque for \$1,400 which Brigadier Burditt, our Provincial Officer in the North-West, was forwarding to Headquarters.

Next day a post card arrived from Staff-Captain DesBrisay, Commanding Officer of Owen Sound Corps, saying that all her supply of War Crys had got buried up in the wreck. So between fire and water our mail suffered loss on the one hand, and had a very narrow escape on the other.

ERRATUM.

The Correspondent of New Aberdeen, wishes us to correct a statement which appeared in our issue dated May 16th. The attendance at knee-drill on Easter Sunday was stated to be fifty, but it should have read 135.

PURPOSE OF PAIN.

The pangs of conscience which a wrongdoer suffers are well illustrated by the following view of physical pain, culled from a daily paper:—"Dr. F. A. Dixey, lecturing at King's College recently, stated that pain was primarily designed as a preservative agent. Pain revealed danger, and in many cases pointed out the best method of relieving abnormal physical conditions. If it were not for the warning given by pain, there would, he said, be no way of learning that exposure to temperatures beyond a certain narrow limit would be followed by death or damage to tissues."

FIGHTING BIRDS.

How Timid Birds will Defend Their Mates or Their Young
—A Very Interesting Article.

PERFECT as is his mastery of the upper element for ordinary purposes, the bird indulges in aerial combats comparatively rarely, says a writer in the London Magazine. True, the hawk strikes down his winged quarry from the air with one swift, almost inevitable stoop. That, however, is by no means to be described as a fight. Nor could you give the name to the worrying of a hawk by a swarm of swallows, whose feeble attacks are far too swift to admit of retaliation, or to the onslaught of a pair of nesting birds, whose good cause makes a coward for the nonce of the tyrant, who, on another time and occasion, would soon make his attackers rue their temerity. Even the lordly eagles, when they have a private quarrel to settle, are more likely to fight it out on the ground than by means of the far more dramatic aerial battle.

Yet, it is by no means an unknown event for two equally matched birds to quarrel in mid-air, and for one or both to be hurled headlong from the sky to inevitable death on the hard earth. The seemingly endless circling of a pair of jealous falcons seldom ends so. They are so evenly matched that the manoeuvring seldom gives one or the other the advantage of position necessary for the stoop, which, even were it delivered, would be deftly enough avoided by a master of the same game.

Even the short-winged and comparatively clumsy rook or crow, is able to avoid almost indefinitely the graceful manoeuvring of a single falcon; and where rook-bawking is still a sport, the falconer takes care to slip a couple of hawks at one of these wily birds. The heron has a still better established right to two hawks, perhaps as much by reason of his powerful stabbing beak as of his elusive wings. The final act in the chase of a heron by a pair of falcons would be truly an impressive sight, if it did not take place so far in the clouds as to be practically invisible from the earth. One falcon gains the ascendancy, and stoops, while the other swoops up and prepares to follow suit. The first bird makes a more or less satisfactory strike. Then something happens—a tragedy—from the falconer's point of view. The heron staggers in his flight, is perhaps knocked over on his back by a side-blow. The second falcon coming down, with all the swiftness of a falling body, is impaled on that formidable beak, possibly as much by accident as design; and hunter and hunted fall to the remote earth, both dead almost before they come in sight of the up-perching hawk-master.

A singular wild double tragedy of this kind was witnessed by a gentleman not long since. A peregrine was wheeling lazily off the cliff-face, apparently on no nefarious quest, when it dashed a black-backed gull from a high rock crannie, and furiously lifted the hawk, slaying the latter, and breaking its own neck with the impact. It is even said that both birds reached the ground together, the gull's beak still fast in the other's body.

In a somewhat similar case that comes from Ireland, the attack seems to have been better justified, at any rate on general grounds. There is no more inveterate stealer than the raven, and he has many enemies beyond those of the lordly hawk. An one of these birds was loafing about the cliffs of Slieve League, when he accounted the tallest in Europe, a gull of unknown species dashed out and struck it. The raven turned and clutched its assailant with both claws, then down they fell in inextricable confusion, flashing through a thousand feet of air to the "wrinkled sea" far below. The body of neither bird was seen again.

Certain cliffs in Argyllshire are a considerable stronghold of ravens, as many as half a dozen being pilaged in

a year by shepherds and others having good cause to object to their presence. A few years ago a pair of these birds built in an inaccessible place on a cliff six hundred feet high; and the only way of getting at the young ones was by a variant of the practice of rook-shooting. Three of them, startled from the nest and driven to lower cliffs, had been bagged, when the fourth took to the soar in company with its parents, and was soon fully a thousand feet above the sea. Then, at a still greater height appeared a peregrine falcon. She mounted, amid the harsh warning croaks of the old raven, till she was a mere speck. "Then like a thunder-bolt, she fell." The young raven was struck and hurled to the ground, though it just managed to save itself when quite near the rocks. The stroke would probably have proved fatal, even if the relentless gunner had not followed up his unjust advantage, and finished off the dazed and wounded bird. The falcon's nest, still higher up the cliff, was next attacked; and the old birds nearly got even with the general tormentor, by swooping at him when he stood up suspiciously on the edge of a chasm reaching to the Atlantic.

Time after time the old birds dashed at the head of the hunter from behind. His standing-ground was so slight that he could not even turn to see them coming, or move to ward off their blows. He could only hold his gun at the charge, and wait till the attacker, flying away in front after

the swoop, should come in range. This, one of them eventually did, and was slain, whereupon the other drew off, and allowed the robber to proceed with his work.

A peregrine-raven story of another kind is told. One afternoon the owner of a pair of ravens heard them making a very unusual clamour in front of the house, and, looking out, saw that they had got hold of a peregrine, which they were severely maltreating. The falcon was, in fact, so nearly killed, that there was nothing to be done but put it out of its misery. It must be understood that this was a wild bird, while the ravens had their wings clipped. It is an unexplained mystery how they managed to get within striking distance, the probable explanation being that the hawk, which was very thin, stooped at one of them, and found too late, that he had caught a tartar.

On the wing, as well as on the ground, not only two grown ravens but even two crows are a match for a falcon, and the sight is not uncommon of a pair of hoodies chasing a hawk that has caught a small bird, and making him give up the booty. They easily catch him, hampered with a burden as he is, and he seems never to take advantage of the chance of retaliation that is offered while the robbers are disputing as to the proper division of the spoil.

An aerial conflict that always ends one way, is that between the bald eagle and the osprey. The bald eagle, which has become the national emblem of the United States, is an expert catcher of fish, but prefers, when he can, to get someone else to catch fish for him.

For the first three years of his life he somewhat resembles the indigenous golden eagle in colour but is distinguishable at a glance by means of his shins, which are bare, whereas the golden eagle wears feathers down to

his feet. Soaring high above the osprey, he watches its fishing till it is brought to a successful conclusion, then stoops fiercely upon the burdened fisherman. He intends no bodily harm, but he keeps the smaller bird so completely at his mercy, that, even if it be the most stout-hearted of its species, it drops the fish. The robber catches it in mid-air, and wheels off, leaving the osprey to catch another, for itself. No doubt, if an osprey's stubbornness could go so far as to refuse the most imperative demands to surrender, the eagle's threats would turn to a determined assault, and inflict the penalty of death.

When the bald eagle has a serious difference with one of his own species, it seems to be the usual course to fight it out on the ground. A rancher of my acquaintance, on the Saskatchewan, climbed, year after year, to an eagle's nest, in the hope of getting an egg. But the nest was always empty though the old birds always rebuilt it, and kept in the neighbourhood throughout the summer. In the seventh or eighth summer the birds quarrelled, and were found fighting on a hillside, one of them was almost knocked out. It was only able just to get on the wing and fly off across the river, whither the other bird followed it, with the evident intention of attacking it again when it had alighted. The probability is, that two males had been keeping company all those years, and had at length decided to fight for the right to bring home a mate.

The nightingale is a tremendously pugnacious bird; the willow-wren will fight a rival, till one or both are brought to a complete standstill for want of breath, and can be caught by the hand.

But no fight is more furious than that in which the cock chaffinches engage at every hour of the day when mates are to be won. They tower up, breast to breast, pecking vigorously, and holding on with the bitterest interest. Half-blind finches are by no means uncommon, the results of these encounters.

Promoted to Glory.

BROTHER MAJOR, OF FORTUNE.

Death visited us at Fortune, on May 2nd, and claimed Brother Jas. C. Major. He suffered from that dread disease—Consumption. About three weeks before his death, he made his way to an Army meeting and there he accepted Jesus as his Saviour.

He afterwards testified to the fact that all was right between his soul and God, and that he had no fear to meet Him. We have good reason to believe that our brother is now with the blood-washed throng.

SISTER HICKS, OF DOTING COVE.

On May 10th, the death angel visited Doting Cove and took Sister Mrs. Ada Hicks from our ranks to join the blood-washed throng. She was a faithful Soldier and died at her post in the bloom of life, having scarcely passed her twenty-first year.

Previous to her death, the writer visited her, and although her suffering was intense, she assured him that her hold on the "Rock of Ages" was secure, and that she was going to be with Jesus.

Lasting were the impressions made at the graveside.

It was a touching scene on the following Sunday, to see both the husband and mother of our comrade taking their stand under the Flag, to fill the vacancy.

A form has faded from our sight,
And crossed death's chilly team;
Where pain and sorrow never come:
We miss her in the home.

A gentle voice is stilled in death,
All fighting days are o'er;
A vacant seat—a comrade's gone,
We miss her in the Corps.

Oh! glorious thought, that we shall meet,
If faithful to our God,
And to our Flag; where we shall dwell
Forever with the Lord.

R. Tilley, Captain



An aerial conflict that always ends one way, is that between the eagle and the osprey. Soaring high above the osprey, he watches its fishing till it is brought to a successful conclusion, then stoops fiercely upon the burdened fisherman. He intends no bodily harm, but he keeps the smaller bird so completely at his mercy, that, even if it be the most stout-hearted of its species, it drops the fish.

Our International News Letter.

FRANCE.

New Training Session. The dedication of the new batch of Cadets who have recently entered Training, was conducted by Colonel Fornacion in the Boulevards Hall, Paris. One young man, who is about to enter the Training Home, is doing his Military Service at present, but he expects to be liberated by special favour within a very short time, when he will join the other Cadets.

Open-Air Meetings. The Officers at Le Havre and Marcellies have been successful in arranging several open-air meetings lately, which have been attended by splendid crowds, who listen most attentively. This is something new, so far as France is concerned.

NORWAY and DENMARK.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Gunnar Knutsen, when conversing with a Salvationist recently, spoke very sympathetically of The Army's work, and expressed admiration of our methods of dealing with the destitute classes.

Colonel Ogrim is visiting the extreme North of his Territory, within the Arctic Circle. He is accompanied by the Divisional Officer of the Northern Division, Staff-Captain With.

The 21st Anniversary of The Salvation Army in Denmark was celebrated at Copenhagen on May 8th, by means of a great musical festival. The Staff and Corps Bands took part, and also a Singing Brigade of sixty members.

UNITED STATES.

Boston Fire. In connection with the \$7,000,000 fire which devastated Chelsea, a suburb of Boston, Mass., causing great suffering and distress among the inhabitants, The Army came well to the front.

City authorities, police, and leading citizens give the highest praise to the heroic efforts made by Colonel and Mrs. Evans and our people, who opened our buildings and administered in every way possible to meet the necessities of the case.

During the first few hours after the conflagration, we fed three hundred, and the second day twelve hundred people were supplied with food, beside housing many in our shelters and various institutions.

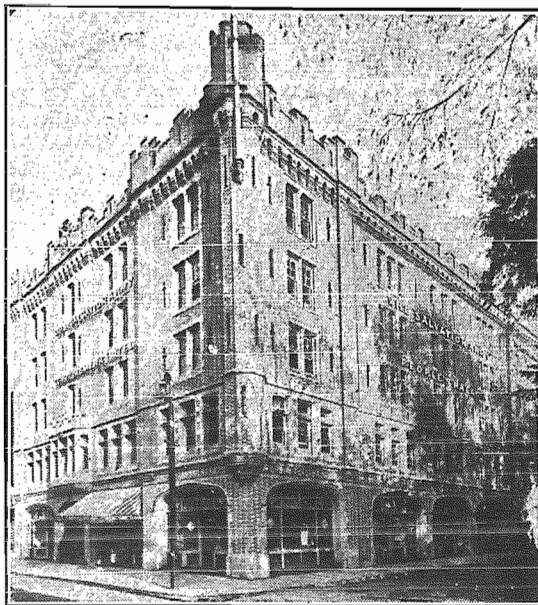
Siege Campaign. The Special Siege Campaign, conducted during the early months of the year, has given some splendid results. No less than 1,454 drunkards are reported as having been saved, whilst the total conversions amongst Seafarers and Juniors amounted to over 11,000. There were a large number of applications for Candidatskip and Corps-Cadetskip.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Police Court Work. Mrs. Commissioner Richards conducted a meeting with the women of the Cape Town Prison on Easter Sunday. The gathering was largely attended, and resulted in eight seeking salvation.

Recently the Cape Town magistrate sent three more cases to the Women's Rescue Home instead of to jail. One of them was a well-known "hard case," for whose salvation, however, the successes which have recently been achieved with other such, encourage hope.

Durban Social Farm. The Durban Social Farm was visited with an ex-



The Peoples' Palace, Boston, U.S.A.

ceptionally heavy rain storm, last week, fifteen inches of water falling within forty-eight hours. Although minor damage has been done—such as the uprooting of trees, the scoring of the roads, and the carrying away by the river of 150 yards of wire fencing—the Farm fortunately escaped serious disaster, such as overtook it a couple of years ago, when a large portion of the market garden was swept clean away.

INDIA.

Colonel Sukh Singh's (Blowers) Tour in the Nariad Division. The Colonel, in company with Colonel Mithri (Mrs. Blowers) and one or two other Officers, spent six days in the Nariad Division, during which time he visited six Corps and conducted twelve meetings, holding two meetings at every village; one in the morning and one at night. The night meetings seldom closed before midnight, or 1 a.m. After such late hours, there was often a tramp in deep sandy roads, in order to get to the next village so as to be in time for an early morning meeting next day.

The Colonel had very full days on this trip, in spite of the excessive hot weather. During the day he had a Dispensary running for about four hours, for the sick people of the village, when many caste people, as well as our own, sought the Colonel's

help in this way.

In one village, a poor woman, who was living in the house next door to where the Colonel was staying, had the plague, and was in the most intense agony. Colonel Mithri and Major Priti Bai (Mrs. Bowie) soothed her all they could, by the application of hot fomentations, and when they left the swelling had burst, and the poor woman was easier, and was very grateful for the help rendered. It is hoped that she may soon be led to the true light of salvation from dark heathenism. There were great crowds at each of the meetings, and our people were much cheered by the visit.

JAPAN.

Mrs. Commissioner Estill's Tour. Mrs. Commissioner Estill has been having a very successful Tour in the Kanzai Division. She has been conducting Soldier's meetings, Salvation meetings, and meetings for Women. In Kyoto, eighteen souls came forward for salvation.

Colonel Bates. The Colonel has arrived from Java. He will go into the financial side of the schemes connected with Properties and Medical Work, which are on foot at present.

Disposal of Property. One of our Officers recently received a substantial little sum, arising from the sale of certain property. He allotted two-

thirds of the amount to his mother and sister, spent a portion of the remainder in having his father's grave attended to, and then handed over the balance to The Army's funds, desiring that half should go towards the Hospital scheme, and the other half toward supplying a Library for the Training Home. The Captain stated that he did not wish to have a private income of his own, but preferred to be on an equal footing with the other Officers in their endeavours to establish the work of The Salvation Army in Japan.

Cadet Takano. This is a Japanese lassie who has received a very liberal education at a Girl's College in Yokohama, and who has been a teacher there for the last two or three years. She has now become a Cadet in one of our Tokio Corps.

Expecting to come into The Salvation Army Work, she has been practising Self-Denial, both in food and clothing, during the past three years, in order to better fit herself for the Work in The Army. She has lately been marching the streets carrying a large paper lantern and preaching the Gospel. This lassie refused a position with a good salary, as she felt that her place was in The Army.

A Friend Secured. Some time ago, in a certain part of Tokyo, we were anxious to hire a small place for the purpose of holding meetings. When our Officer approached the Landlord, he, not knowing The Army's object, was somewhat anxious to know what use we should put his building to. A few months after that, he met the Officer and told him about his feelings when he first let us have his house, but he said he was glad that he let us have it, as the neighbours in the district in which his house was situated, met him, and expressed pleasure at The Army coming into their district, as their children were now being cared for and taught good things. This gentleman has now become a Corps' helper, giving monthly towards the support of the Corps.

A "Saved" Workshop. In one of the suburbs of Tokyo, a Christian gentleman, who is the owner of a small electrical works, in which he employs some eight or ten men, on the occasion of The General's visit to Japan, met The Salvation Army for the first time, and was so greatly impressed with what he heard and saw, that he concluded The Salvation Army was the best thing for his labourers, so he arranged for a certain Corps Officer to visit his workshop every Monday afternoon, and conduct a small meeting with his men. This has been done with good success, and the whole of the men have professed salvation.

A few days ago he decided to have a kind of family gathering in honour of the change in the men, and to congratulate each other on the new life. At this meeting he gave presents to all his employees, especially to three men in whom he was deeply interested, and whom he had promised to give presents if they abstained from smoking for a certain time. To these men he gave certain shares in one of the Banks, and to the other persons he gave some of The Army's publications.



A Group of Japanese Juniors.

The generality of men expend the early part of their lives in contributing to render the latter part miserable.—La Bruyere.

A . . .
STIRRING
TALE . .

Drake: A Salvation Greatheart.

From the
British . .
War Cry.



The Matter of a Letter.

CHAPTER XII. ON POINT DUTY.

MEANWHILE, Drake lived in hopes that one day he would merit promotion, and right heartily did he apply himself to his duties. On an opportunity presenting itself he volunteered for duty as an assistant clerk in the divisional office, and his qualifications being satisfactory, he was drafted into that department.

One day a mistake was made in the office with reference to a letter, and, as often happens in business life, the responsible party passed on the blame to the man below him. Drake was accordingly censured for gross carelessness, although he could have proved that he was not on duty at the office on the day when the letter in question was dealt with.

The Superintendent evidently suspected, however, that the younger man was being made a scapegoat, for at a subsequent interview he mentioned the fact that he intended to recommend Drake for promotion at the earliest opportunity.

Two months later our hero was one of a number of candidates for promotion, who were called to appear before the civil service examiners. He was the youngest of fifty-three men in the batch, and the last to go in for the verbal examination before the dreaded board on the second day of the test. On the first day the candidates had been required to work out a number of questions on paper, and when Drake appeared before the board on the second day the chairman asked the clerk, "How has this man done?"

"Very well, sir," was the reply.

"Two 'very goods' and four 'goods'!"

Constable Drake's courage revived at this, for as there had been six subjects of examination on paper, and when he knew he had come out very creditably. But the verbal examination was the crucial test, and it was here that the confidence he had gained through testimony for God and country at public meetings, stood

him in good stead. He was able to answer the questions without hesitation, and with confidence and distinctness, where another man, who might have been able to answer the questions on paper, could not find his tongue when asked them verbally, before several critical listeners.

On the following Wednesday the superintendent told Drake that he had passed the examinations with credit—while the other four candidates from that division had all failed. His official appointment as sergeant would follow in due course.

One night when on duty, Drake received a very sad message. A telegram was brought which said, "Come home at once; father very ill."

Going back to the station, he obtained three days' leave, and immediately hurried off by railway to the little village which had been the scene of so many outstanding events in his life.

With fluttering heart he entered the little cottage, and to his unspeakable grief, there lay the body of his dear father! With tears streaming from his eyes, Drake kissed the dead face, that looked so peaceful in its repose, beautiful even in death. Across his mind flitted the many scenes in which this godly parent had figured as the guardian angel of his life.

Then he turned to comfort his mother, and heard from her lips the story of his father's passing.

He had left the house in the morning to see a friend, telling his wife he would be home at one o'clock for dinner. Arriving at his friend's house, he had sat down, and, in the course of conversation, had alluded to a comrade he had loved dearly, and who had passed away in his arms just three months previously.

"I have lately been feeling more than ever how important it is that we should be ready for the Lord's coming—ready to go at any minute," he said.

A few minutes later he complained of a peculiar pain over his heart, but his conversation was bright and happy.

"Will you have a drop of peppermint?" said his friend.

"Yes, I think I will, thank you," said the old fisherman.

When he made to take up the glass,

a sudden spasm of pain caused him to knock it over. With a hasty gesture, he picked it up, and exclaiming, "I feel better now," slipped off his chair on to the floor—dead.

On the day of the funeral, before the coffin was finally closed, Drake's mother kissed the cold face, and, turning to her son, said, "Ah, my boy, for forty years God has been with your father and me in all our troubles and trials of life. Now that your father is gone, I am sure God will not forsake me."

On the Sunday there was a memorial service in the little building which Drake had attended as a child. In the course of his address the preacher gave one of the most simple and yet most eloquent eulogies that could be paid to any parent's memory.

"I need not say anything about the way our comrade did his duty as a Christian parent," he remarked, "we have the proof before our eyes in this building to-day—an unbroken family of four daughters and one son, all converted and serving God."

By now, Drake had a little family of his own to look after, and he felt loved to tell of the wonderful providences of God in his home life.

Before he became a sergeant, Drake was one day standing on point duty, when a poor old man, who appeared to be quite seventy years of age, came along and stood to rest opposite a public-house near by. He had no overcoat, although the weather was bitterly cold, and the constable could see him shivering as he stood in the windy street.

Going across to him, Drake spoke to the old fellow, who answered his questions by saying he was very cold and very hungry. At that moment the publican came out of his establishment, and seeing the old man, offered him some hot whisky and water.

"No, thank you," said the man, "I'm a teetotaler."

Constable Drake had only got fourpence in his pocket at the time, and with that he had intended to buy a haddock for his dinner.

However, he told the old man to come along with him, and, going into a coffee shop, ordered a pennyworth of coffee. Then he ran across the road for a pennyworth of bread.

"Is it for the old man who was standing across the road a moment ago?" asked the woman in the shop, as she gave Drake a two-penny loaf for his penny.

"Yes," said the constable.

"Well, I think there is an old overcoat down in the bakehouse that no one wants. If you come back in a minute you can have it to give to the old man."



He Hurried To the Little Village.

"With the twopenny loaf and a pennyworth of cheese, the policeman re-entered the coffee house, and saw that the old man made a good meal of it.

When he had finished, and had again stepped into the street, the constable was ready for him with the long, thick coat, and calling the old man over, he put it on.

(To be continued.)

Criminal Reform.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone, Home Secretary, has introduced in the House of Commons, a Bill aiming to reform habitual criminals by conciliatory treatment. Mr. Gladstone said that the present system was sufficient deterrent for fifty or sixty per cent of prisoners, but was useless for two classes, namely, those who are criminal owing to mental or physical deficiency, and those preferring to live by crime. The latter laughed at the present system. They refused a helping hand, and were determined not to work. The Bill proposes to follow penal sentences by a period of preventative detention, until the authorities are assured the prisoners will live honestly and until age or infirmity incapacitates them from resuming a life of crime. The system, said Mr. Gladstone, is based on hope, not fear. It would enable a man to effect his own release.

Improved systems and conciliatory treatment will not effect much, however. What is needed is a Saviour, and that is the last thing the world thinks of. They are for ever trying to make the world better apart from God.

In His Steps.

It is reported that St. Wenceslaus, one Winter night, was going to his devotions in a remote church, barefooted, despite the snow and sharpness of pointed ice. His servant, Redivivus, who waited upon his master, and endeavoured to imitate his pety, began to faint through the violence of the storm and cold, till the King commanded him to follow him and to set his feet in the same prints which his feet should mark for him. The servant did so, and by these means was enabled to follow his master easily. In the same way does Christ wish us to follow. He commands us to mark His footsteps, to tread where His feet have trod, and He not only invites us forward by the argument of His example, but He has trodden down much of the difficulty and made the way easier for our feet.

THE REST OF GOD.

(Continued from page 7.)

is rest, but it is still advance. Are you proving it to be so, my dear comrade? You may. This is the "new creation."

It was after that Sabbath day, too, that God brought the animals, to Adam to be named. He Himself had previously named the dry land and ocean and the great lights; but now that Adam is to rule, it is he who is to call the living creatures by their names. And so it is only after we have been enabled to receive God as the indwelling Ruler, and after we have found things as they really are; and then particularly the material things around us, and the animal part of our own world will appear in the true light and take its right place. Then we are able to call things by their right names, and to give them right uses, and to keep them in their proper places. Especially is this promised for us who are Officers, and, therefore, called upon to govern others. Only when we have really come to know ourselves, and have really and wisely mastered our own world, learned to rule our own spirit, to bridle our own tongue, and keep under our own body, are we fully fitted to take the rule of other lives.

4. And this rest seems to have followed immediately after God gave Eve to Adam. By His power He first made her, and then gave her to him as a token of love. And as the man was the expression of wisdom and strength, so the woman represented purity and love. Thus Eve came, and crowned Adam's possessions with the happiness of love.

It seems that God saw that all His wonderful world would have been incomplete without love. Even Eden itself, with all its beauty, could not be perfect without it. And as with God's work for man, so it is with our work for God. No matter how clever we are, no matter how well we arrange and rule the people, and push the meetings, and raise the money, and

keep up the advance, it will all be incomplete without love—unfinished and unfruitful without the presence of that God-made gift—"the greatest thing in the world," as it has been called. But love will make glad all the rest. How are you to get it? From God. As it was in the beginning, so it is now, and ever shall be—love is the gift of God. It is His great gift—it is, above all things, His great gift to The Salvation Army Officer. Oh, seek it—you shall not seek in vain.

The rest of a sanctified heart is really the rest of love. Love becomes the rule of our lives, whether we live or die, work or rest, suffer or rejoice. In injury and misunderstanding, when suffering from slander or weakness, as well as in victory and prosperity, and even in the common things of daily life and toil—often so meaningless without this—love fills, surrounds, crowns us, and flows out of a heart in which God abides and rules; and God is Love.

Oh, is it so with you? In the burden and worry, amid the humble duties, and especially in the little things that try your patience and harass you, and seem so useless a part of your discipline, is love the answer of your heart? Have you proved in your conflicts, both for yourself and for others, that

Love shall be the conqueror

To bring the glory in.

It was that it might be so that He created us at first. Love is the goal to which He desires to bring the whole creation. He made us in His own image; we are the work of His hands; His will for us is the rest of His presence; the rest of His will done in us and by us; the rest of always going forward and never going backward; the rest of victory, the rest of love.

[This paper was, in the main, suggested by reading Augustine's thoughts upon the same subject.]

THE HAUNTED MAN.

(Continued from page 6.)

"I will," said Joe, and, weeping like a heart-broken woman, he made his way to the mercy seat.

"Captain," he said, after the first outburst of grief had somewhat subsided, "go and fetch the police, I have made up my mind to confess all, and let them deal with me as they see fit."

The Captain saw that under the circumstances this was the best thing to do, and so he went in search of a policeman. Meanwhile the news got around that one of the burglars for whom the police were looking was at The Salvation Army penitent form, and an excited crowd surged in and out the Hall to witness what was going on. As the man in blue marched on the aisle the excitement grew intense.

"This is the man," said the Captain, touching Joe's arm, who stood quietly facing the mob of curious spectators.

The policeman had never had to drag a man off to jail from an Army penitent form before, and he hesitated—hardly knowing what was required of him.

"What do you want me to do?" he at length asked, after a painful silence.

"Take me off to the station, Officer," said Joe, "I'll come quietly."

So the two walked out of the Bar-racks and down the street, the constable making no attempt to hold him. He little knew the desperate character of the man who was thus quietly submitting to the law, or perhaps he would not have thus gone about "locking him up." He would, no doubt, have slipped the handcuffs on and sent for another constable. But there was no need for such measures, even if he had known, for Joe was a captive of Jesus Christ rather than of the law, and he was obeying the Spirit which had revealed to him the things of God. In his heart was a deep sense of peace, and he rejoiced in spirit to

feel that he was now a new creature in Christ. A heavy burden had rolled away from him, and so with a firm step and a light heart, he walked down the street to captivity, with no fear of what awaited him.

Next day the Captain went to visit him, and as they were talking through the grating, a detective passed by.

"Well, you're a dandy, such fellows as you ought to be in the asylum," he sneered, evidently thinking that a man who would voluntarily give himself up to the police must be a fool.

"Mister," said Joe, rapping with his knuckles on the iron bars, and speaking in his peculiar Yankee drawl, "it's easy enough to come and sneer at us poor fellows when we're in here, but I want to tell you that you're too slow to catch a cold. For the last two days I've been walking all round you, and you never caught me. Men like you make it hard for people to do right."

The man stood speechless for a moment or two, and then turned abruptly and went away. Let us hope he learnt not to tread again on the man who is down.

The rest of our story is soon told. When Joe had made his confessions, and they were many, it was decided to send him to the United States, to answer for the robbery and fire he had been concerned in. He was sentenced to five years imprisonment, but we are glad to be able to chronicle that after one year in durance vile, he was let out on parole.

He became an Army Soldier, and, according to the report of a conductor on the Wabash Railroad, who regularly travels through the town where Joe lives, he is doing well. Now that his conscience is void of offence toward God and man, he will have a chance of growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. Praise be to Him who is able to make all grace abound towards the worst of sinners.—S. A. Church.

BAND INSTRUMENTS.

WE solicit your patronage because we feel we can do for you what we are doing for others, viz., giving satisfaction by selling the best goods procurable at prices consistent with quality and good workmanship. We have received the following testimonials unsolicited:—

Vancouver, B.C., Jan. 31, 1908.

The Trade Secretary, S. A. Temple, Toronto:

Dear Comrade,—We have received the set of Silver Plated, "Our Own Make," Class A, Instruments, and we think they are all o. k. Our Monstre Double B is the largest on the Coast, and we can also boast of the best set of Instruments in British Columbia.

Yours faithfully,

S. B. REDBURN,

Bandmaster.

Kingston, Ont., March 7, 1908.

Dear Brigadier,—Received our Instruments Tuesday. Found them satisfactory. The Band are well pleased with them. I have

been a Bandsman twenty years and play slide trombone, and consider The Army make the best I've yet used.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN MAYELL,

Band Secretary.

Hamilton, Ont., May 25, 1908.

Dear Brigadier,—I have pleasure in acknowledging receipt of new Instruments for our Band, and wish to thank you for prompt delivery. We find the Instruments are A1, and are arranging to display the set in a large window for a week or so, after which we shall have a public presentation.

Yours faithfully,

J. MERRITT, C.O.

If you are considering purchasing a full set or want a new instrument and desire the best, write for full particulars to

The Trade Secretary, 18 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont.

Salvation Songs

Holiness.

Tune.—Shall we gather? 155; Song Book, No. 348.

1 Yes, there flows a wondrous river,
That can make the foulest clean;
To the soul it is the giver
Of the freedom from all sin.

Chorus.

Round us flows the cleansing river,
The holy, mighty, wonder-working river,
That can make a saint of a sinner,
It flows from the throne of God.

All who seek this cleansing river
Have their deepest need supplied;
From all stains its waves deliver,
To the soul when they're applied.

Have you proved this precious river,
Perfect cleansing gaining there;
Losing burdens that need never
Rise again to bring you care?

Tunes.—Nearer my home, 71; For ever with the Lord, 68; Song Book, No. 423.

2 Jesus, Thy fullness give,
My soul and body bless;
Cleanse me from sin, that I may live
The life of holiness.

Chorus.

In white, in white, walking in white;
He makes me worthy through the blood,
To walk with Him in white.

With full salvation might,
My heart and mind make strong;
Help me to live and do the right,
And part with all that's wrong.

Give me full joy and peace,
Eternal inward rest;
Lead me to Calvary's holy feast,
There let my soul be blest.

Saved from the power of sin,
Kept by Thy grace secure;
Let all without and all within
Be pure, as Thou art pure.

Experience.

Tunes.—Stand like the brave, 187; Song Book, No. 638.

3 Though troubles assail, and dangers afflict,
Though friends should all fail,
And foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The Bible assures us—the Lord will provide.

Chorus.

Stand like the brave,
With thy face to the foe.

The birds, without barn or storehouse
are fed,
From them, let us learn, to trust for
our bread;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er
be denied,
So long as 'tis written—the Lord will
provide.

His call we obey, like Abram of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith
makes us bold;
For though we are strangers, we have
a good Guide,
And trust, in all dangers—the Lord
will provide.

Tunes.—Now I can read, 4; Charming name, 26; Song Book, No. 238.

4 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

Chorus.

So we'll stand the storm, for it won't
be very long,
And we'll anchor by and by.

In darkest shades, if Thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning
star,
And Thou my rising sun.

The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss;

GREAT ANNUAL CAMP MEETINGS

Will be Held at

Dufferin Grove

From

Saturday, June 20, to Monday, July 6.

Programme as Follows:

SATURDAY, JUNE 20th.—Opening Night.—THE CHIEF SECRETARY, and Territorial Staff Band.

SUNDAY, JUNE 21st.—THE CHIEF SECRETARY and Territorial Staff Band.

MONDAY, JUNE 22nd.—Lieut.-Colonel Howell.

TUESDAY, JUNE 23rd.—Staff-Captain Walton and Temple Band.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24th.—Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin.

THURSDAY, JUNE 25th.—THE CHIEF SECRETARY and Dovercourt Band.

FRIDAY, JUNE 26th.—Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.

SATURDAY, JUNE 27th.—Brigadier Taylor and Cadets.

SUNDAY, JUNE 28th.—THE COMMISSIONER and Riverdale Band.

MONDAY, JUNE 29th.—Adjutant McElheny and Riverdale Band.

TUESDAY, JUNE 30th.—Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1st.—Dominion Day.—THE COMMISSIONER and City Corps and Bands United.

THURSDAY, JULY 2nd.—Adjutant Kendall and Lippincott Band.

FRIDAY, JULY 3rd.—THE CHIEF SECRETARY.

SATURDAY, JULY 4th.—THE COMMISSIONER will Conduct a Meeting for Young People, at 3 and 8 p.m.

SUNDAY, JULY 5th.—THE COMMISSIONER and Territorial Staff Band.

MONDAY, JULY 6th.—Closing Night.—THE COMMISSIONER and City Corps and Bands United.

Note.—Tent accommodation will be provided on the grounds for Officers, Soldiers and friends.—Apply early to Brigadier Taylor, 135 Sherbourne Street, Toronto.

For Jesus shows His mercy mine,
And whispers I am His.

Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqueror through.

Salvation.

Tunes.—Innocents, 83; Nottingham, 85; Song Book, No. 114.

5 Time is earnest, passing by;
Death is earnest, drawing nigh;
Sinner, wilt thou trifle? be?
Time and death appeal to thee.

Life is earnest, when 'tis o'er,
Thou returnest never more;
Soon to meet eternity,
Wilt thou never serious be?

God is earnest, kneel and pray,
Ere thy season pass away;
Ere He set His Judgment Throne,
Vengeance ready—mercy gone.

Christ is earnest, bids thee "Come,"
Paid thy spirit's priceless sum;
Wilt thou spurn thy Saviour's love,
Pleading with thee from above?

Tunes.—Prepare me, Lord, 57; Behold the Saviour, 23; Song Book, No. 145.

6 Your garments must be white as snow;
Prepare to meet your God!
For to His throne you'll have to go;
Prepare to meet your God!

Prepare me! Prepare me, Lord!
Prepare me! To stand before Thy throne!

Get washed from every stain of sin;
Prepare to meet your God!
You must this great salvation win;
Prepare to meet your God!

Lord, cleanse my heart and make me
pure,
To stand before Thy throne!
My pride, and self, and temper, cure,
To stand before Thy throne!

Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs

will visit

Simcoe, Ont., Sunday, June 14,

Assisted by

THE TERRITORIAL STAFF BAND.

COLONEL SOWTON.

Ottawa I., Saturday, Sunday and Monday, July, 11th, 12th and 13th.

LIEUT.-COLONEL GASKIN.

Ottawa I., Saturday, Sunday and Monday, June 20th, 21st and 22nd.

LIEUT.-COLONEL SHARP.

Lindsay, Saturday and Sunday, June 20th and 21st, accompanied by Peterborough Band.

MAJOR SIMCO.

Galt, Saturday and Sunday, June 13th and 14th.

ADJUTANT AND MRS. WHITE.

Guelph, Saturday and Sunday, June 13th and 14th.

Stratford, Saturday and Sunday, June 20th and 21st.

Lieut.-Col. Damon, from U. S. A.,

Will give his Stereopticon Lecture entitled, "In Darkest America," in THE TEMPLE, on Monday, June 15th, at 8 p.m. This is a very interesting and comprehensive lecture, illustrated by about 130 slides. Colonel Sowton will preside.

The Territorial Staff Band

Simcoe, Saturday and Sunday, June 13th and 14th.

Huntsville, June, 27th and 28th.

THE COMMISSIONER

Will Commission the Present Session of Cadets in

THE TEMPLE, Monday, July 13.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Captain Maiter, Western Province—
Kinmount, June 16-17; Fenelon Falls, June 18, 19; Lindsay, June 20-22.

Ensign Ash, Eastern Province—
Chatham, June 15-18; Sussex, June 19-21.

Captain Backus, Eastern Province—
St. John I., June 16; North Head, June 17-21.

MISSING.

First Insertion.

6690. SAYER.

PERCY; age 24; height 5ft., 3in.; fair complexion; clean shaven; walks with stoop. Last known address, Hamilton, Ont. Brother very anxious for news.

6662. ROBB, ANDREW L.; Scotchman; married; age 48; height 5ft., 7in.; dark brown hair; hazel eyes and ruddy complexion. Had worked in Grand Forks, U.S.A., but his last known address was Winnipeg, Man.

6663. ALLAN, J. EDWARD, or JACK ALLAN; missing two years; wrote home from Red Deer Lumber Camp—C. O. Burrows, N.W.T.; has been in Stratton, Canada; age 28; height 5ft., 7in.; brown hair; brown eyes; fair complexion; builder by trade.

6666. NASSO, MARTIN; Norwegian; age 26; dark complexion; tall; last heard of from Ballard, Wash., and was just leaving for Fairbanks, Alaska. This was in June, 1907.

6664. TILLERY Sisters, ELIZABETH and JANE. Jane is married to a gentleman called McInnis. Elizabeth was last heard of from Hamilton, Ont. Sister Emma anxiously enquired. Communicate with above office.

6648. TALLAKSEN, HAAKON; age 26; short; heavy, dark hair; Norwegian; left Norway March, 1905; last known address was Souris, North Dakota, U.S.A.; wife anxious.

6650. SKELTON, JAS. ALFRED; age 30; married; came to Canada fifteen years ago; was sent out by Mc. Aeron's Home, from England.

6660. McDUFF, WALDON; age 30; height 6ft.; black hair; dark eyes; fair complexion; last known address was Minnesota, U.S.A.; mother anxious.

661. WALLACE, ALFRED; English; age 40; height 5ft., 7in.; fair complexion; last heard of in Dids, near Toronto, Ont.; may have gone out West; he is used to farming.

6602. FREEMAN, WILLIAM; age 28; height 5ft., 4in.; with black hair; dark eyes, and dark complexion; last known address was Oakwood P.O., Ont. Likely to be on a farm.

6653. DESMOND, JOHN; age 50; fair complexion; supposed to be sailing on "Lizle Wright," bound for Bristol, as mate; last known address was Liverpool, England. Sister very anxious.

6659. KINRADE, WM. GEORGE; English; age 21; height 5ft., 11in.; hair is light-sandy; light blue eyes; rather oiled-looking, with fresh colour; last known address was Toronto Junction; quiet disposition; little to say; fond of reading and smoking; he has a very noticeable scar on thumb.

6556 OLIVER, HENRY CLARENCE; single; age 27; height 5ft., 6in.; red-brown hair; grey eyes; fresh complexion; worked on C.P.R., as assistant in dining-room; he is an Englishman, of an active, cheery, good disposition.

